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THE

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THE REFORM BILL.

ONE of the most unfortunate consequences of the exceedingly unsatisfactory manner in which the Government has dealt with the Reform question is that the discussion on it shows an increasing tendency to assume a wrong character. A bold measure dealing with the whole question would have challenged a definite and well-directed criticism. But this poor fragment of a measure impels men to wander on all sides from what ought to be the real issue. On the one hand, far too much is made of the possible evils which any Reform Bill that lowers the franchise may be expected to create in boroughs that must remain among the chief centres of our representative system. No Reform Bill can be perfect, and every Reform Bill must in one sense be artificial and arbitrary, for no argument can prove that the particular figure selected as the measure of the franchise is the only right, legitimate, and defensible figure. If men do not want a Reform Bill at all, and object to all reduction of the franchise, they had much better say so. But it is absurd to say that a Reform Bill is desirable, and that a reduction of the franchise is desirable, but that it is a great pity that the reduction of the franchise which is desired should not produce the right results in this or that large borough. Discussion cannot proceed unless political critics will stick by their own first principles, and the first principles by which a Reform Bill is to be judged are, we think, sufficiently simple. For a variety of reasons it is desirable that the franchise should be reduced, and for a variety of other reasons it is desirable that a considerable number of the smaller boroughs should have their political power decreased or taken away. A good Reform Bill would be a Bill that, while boldly reducing the franchise, distributed the seats so that every class of English society should be fairly and adequately represented. But the best Reform Bill that man could devise would do harm in some particular constituencies, and we ought to be prepared to suffer this in order to attain a great national benefit, if we wish for a Reform Bill at all. But if it is idle to attack the Bill on the ground that it will not work well everywhere, the language in which the Bill is defended is much more than idle; it is wild and extravagant to the last degree. The CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER, for example, declares that he cannot understand how his opponents can object to enfranchising 7l. householders, who are our fellow-Christians, and men of our own flesh and blood. This is not argument; it is declamation of the most unmeaning kind. Are not 6l. householders also theoretically our fellow-Christians; are they not just as much of our flesh and blood as 7l. householders? We are debating how many of these Christians and brethren we are to endow with political power, and if we say that all English Christians ought to be enfranchised, we come at once to universal suffrage. Smaller men carry this wildness of declamation to a pitch that makes it almost doubtful whether sense and truth have not said good-bye altogether to the world of English politics. Mr. FAWCETT attended a meeting at Brighton, and gravely assured his hearers that the only reason why the Government Bill was opposed was because its opponents were determined that Mr. GLADSTONE should never be Premier, as not being aristocratic enough. Human perversity can scarcely go further than this. The Government proposes a tiny fragment of Reform; it is objected that to deal with Reform by fragments is impolitic; and men like Mr. FAWCETT declare that the only conceivable ground for such an objection must be the secret wish to have a Lord at the head of the Treasury.

But if other men are wild and rhetorical, what is to be said of Mr. BRIGHT? His letter to his Birmingham constituents is a masterly example of all that a politician at such a crisis as the present ought not to say. In the first place, the Bill is declared to be an honest Bill. It does nothing but fix on a

figure for the franchise, and Mr. BRIGHT acknowledges that the figure fixed on seems to him the wrong one. But then this simple fragment of Reform, doing nothing but fix on a wrong figure, has a subtle moral virtue about it. It is a poor thing in itself, but ethically it is beautiful. The only attempt that Mr. BRIGHT makes to give a meaning to his words is by saying that what he likes about the Bill is not its contents, but the resolution of the Ministry to stand or fall by it. If so, Ministers have the satisfaction of imparting a moral excellence to their Bill at a very cheap rate. If they did anything else, or gave any hope of doing anything else, besides proposing their fragment of Reform, it might show that they attached a value to Reform that Reformers might admire. But as they do nothing else, and show themselves utterly unable to do anything else, they could not help standing or falling by the most dishonest, as well as by the most honest, Bill that could be framed. But this Bill creates dismay and horror, not only in the breasts of Tories, but in the breasts of sound and undoubted Liberals. These Liberals object to a fragmentary measure of Reform as much as the Tories do, and they are then, in Mr. BRIGHT's opinion, guilty of having formed one of the dirtiest conspiracies ever known—a conspiracy, for example, far blacker than the conspiracy which successfully opposed a Liberal Government on the occasion of the China war and the attempt to murder the EMPEROR. If a Liberal votes with Tories to reprobate a too meek way of treating France, or to stigmatize a war as unjust, he is a noble honest man delivering his soul, and trusting in a Providence that is above human parties. If he votes with Tories to reprobate dealing with Reform by halves, he is a dirty conspirator. So far as blackguarding him and abusing him or denouncing him can make him change his mind in time, or punish him if he does not change his mind, Mr. BRIGHT is not the man to stint the necessary abuse. Nor is it to be doubted that in some instances he may succeed. Sir WILLIAM HUTT, for instance, thought of taking quite an honest and independent line, thinking for himself and showing that he was not afraid to express his deliberate convictions. But some Gateshead BRIGHT was down on him, and he succumbed at once, and promised in the most delightfully amiable way never to be a dirty conspirator any more. But all members are not so meek as this, nor do their constituencies wish they should be. If Mr. BRIGHT blackguards them they can stand it. They are not like the fish-woman who was shut up when O'CONNELL called her an isosceles triangle. Like the gentlemen of Nottingham, they will not think "scoundrel" an abusive term when they consider who it is that uses it. And it must be owned that Mr. BRIGHT is quite sharp enough to see this. He has other resources at his command. He can coax or he can threaten, as well as abuse. Within a few hours after his letter was read at Birmingham, he was at Manchester, protesting that, so far as Lord GROSVENOR was concerned, he only called him a dirty conspirator in the Pickwickian sense, and meant by it that he was a most estimable young nobleman of sound Liberal principles, and descended from a grandfather who had supported the Anti-Corn-Law League. And if coaxing fails, as well as abuse, then the last, the surest, and the sharpest means must be used. Mr. BRIGHT will call upon his "lamb." Let him only have enough of them to line the advances to Westminster on the voting day, and he will engage that the Bill is carried, as sure as Sir ROBERT CLIFTON was returned for Nottingham.

If there is apathy in the country as to the Reform Bill, and if the arguments are all, so far as we can see, one way, and the abuse the other, it certainly cannot be said that the Ministry and its more determined supporters are apathetic. Next week the CHANCELLOR of the EXCHEQUER is going to raise the war-cry in Lancashire, and some of his subordinates are going to see what can be done in the West Riding. But the warmest friends of the Ministry must see that the

issue is no longer whether the Reform Bill shall be carried, but whether the Ministry shall get a majority on the second reading. Mr. GLADSTONE is determined to have a majority if he can, and to get it distinctly in favour of a measure dealing only with a fragment of Reform. If that can but be achieved, the honour of the Government will be technically taken as saved, and the Bill may be left to its fate. It is obvious that all the difficulties that could have been created by dealing with Reform as a whole will be greatly increased by the proposed plan of drafting Bills for the redistribution of seats, but not proceeding with them. Unless these Bills are adopted as substantially parts of the Government measure, there is no probability that they will ever be carried; and unless they are carried they will not show what the ultimate consequences of the Bill are to be. Every clause of the Franchise Bill will be discussed with reference to them just as much as if they were part of the present Government proposal. But, at the same time, those who object to the redistribution of seats which the Government may propose will not even have the poor consolation of knowing the worst that can befall them. If they pass the Franchise Bill, and wait for next Session to deal with redistribution, they may have a more obnoxious measure pressed on them than that which the Government may now suggest. For, without imputing insincerity to the Government, the accidents of political life may easily retard the settlement of redistribution until the new voters under the Franchise Bill come on the register; and then it will be the new constituencies, and not the present ones, that will settle by far the most important question of Reform—the question how the voting power, when created, is to be arranged. We may be sure that all the members who have small boroughs to defend will see this, and plain speakers like Mr. BASS at Derby make no secret of what is intended, and expressly say that a Franchise Bill is a good thing for the reason that it will place the settlement of redistribution in the hands of constituencies more democratic than the existing ones. It is difficult to believe that the many members who have both public and private reasons for wishing to know what is going to become of the places they represent will fall into so obvious a trap, and by far the most direct and straightforward course is that taken by Lord GROSVENOR, to decline to discuss Reform Bills by fragments. But then the Ministry will go out if Lord GROSVENOR's Resolution is carried, and a large number of members who quite agree with Lord GROSVENOR wish to keep the Ministry in, provided that a mere Franchise Bill does not become law. The Government has afforded them a loophole. They are to vote for the second reading, and then the Government will so complicate and hamper the question by bringing in dummy Bills for redistribution that no one need fear that the Franchise Bill will pass. Mr. OLIPHANT and Mr. KINGLAKE were charmed with this proposal. It saved their principles, and restored them to their party, and reassured them in a variety of pleasant ways. We do not quarrel with them for this. Perhaps they were right in thinking themselves not strong enough to take a bolder line. But we do not see why a man like Lord GROSVENOR should be called a dirty conspirator because he prefers saying what he means, and acting on what he thinks.

PRUSSIA AND AUSTRIA.

IT is very hard to believe that Prussia and Austria will really go to war. Every argument is against it, but still things look as like a war as possible. If the Prussian Circular just published by telegraph is correctly given, it seems almost inevitable that there will really be fighting; and if a soldier is killed on either side, a war will have been begun of which no one can even guess the end. Of all wars, a war between Austria and Prussia offers the widest margin for speculation. In other wars, we ask which will win; in this war, we should ask which would continue to exist. Austria might become the head of Germany, or might dwindle into a knot of little States dependent on the King of HUNGARY. Prussia might swallow up not only Schleswig and Holstein, but three-fourths of the smaller States; or it might have to give up its Rhenish provinces to France, and, with a diminished territory, sink under the supremacy of Austria in the Germanic Confederation. It would be a war in which at any moment Italy and France and Russia might choose, or be compelled, to join; and plausible reasons might be urged for supposing that the side which France and Italy would take would be the Austrian or the Prussian, according to the fancy of the disputant. Russia will either not fight, or will

fight on the side of Prussia; but France and Italy may very well fight either on the side of Prussia or against her. There is no reason why Italy should not be guided solely by motives of policy. If it is moral at all to announce that an effort will be made to free Venetia whenever an opportunity offers, to hold treaties as if they were waste paper, and to consider that to rescue a portion of Italian territory is an object that carries with it a dispensation from the duty of maintaining peace till a clear justification of war arises, it cannot be immoral for Italy to take the side of Prussia simply because people in England think that, of the two Powers who robbed Denmark of the Duchies, Prussia is the more guilty. There is no such nicety in the respective shades of criminality as to make it incumbent on Italy to lose a golden opportunity of forcing Austria to give her what she wants. The rogues are falling out, and honest Italy may come by her own if she can. But then it is by no means certain that Italy has most to gain by siding against Austria. By taking the side of Austria, she might possibly get Venetia without a blow being struck for it. Clearly it is the policy of Italy to hold back, and to promise nothing to any one until the two German Powers are irrevocably committed. Otherwise she will merely help Prussia to coerce Austria diplomatically, as she did last summer, and will get nothing for her trouble. But directly the war has begun she will be strongly impelled to take one side or the other, and to make the cession of Venetia the price of her concurrence in either case. And which is the side she will select must evidently be determined by France. France will want the Rhine provinces, just as Italy will want Venetia, and the EMPEROR will set himself to make the same calculation that Italy has to go through. Will it pay better to bargain with Prussia, and to crush Austria on condition of being handsomely paid for doing so, or to stipulate with Austria that Prussia shall be crushed, and that in return Italy shall have Venetia, and France the left bank of the Rhine? The EMPEROR has very properly kept his own secret, and has so managed that he might adopt either course without fearing the reproach of bad faith. But, if he has given any indication of his future policy, it is certainly not in the direction of helping Prussia. Austria, as the head of Germany, would be more congenial to France, less formidable and more manageable than Prussia would be. Prussia is hated in France, and Austria is not, and the Catholic world would certainly prefer that this time the arms of the orthodox should all be found on the same side.

When the issues of a conflict between the two great German States are so very obscure, and when each has such great dangers and difficulties to encounter, how does it happen that war is indisputably so imminent that it can only be averted by some unforeseen stroke of good fortune? Austria has been the first to commence those military movements which have filled Europe with alarm. Under the transparent pretence of helping the Jews in Bohemia to feel themselves safe against some petty street disturbances, three *corps d'armée* have been formed, Cracow has been provided with a large stock of the heaviest artillery, the towns of the Silesian frontier have been garrisoned, the line of the Oder has been occupied in force, and General BENEDEK has accepted the command-in-chief of the Army of the North on the express understanding that no member of the Imperial family is to be sent with him to paralyse his movements. All this has been done to tranquillize the Jews; but in order that they may not be made happy and comfortable too easily and too completely, the Austrian papers have been ordered not to publish any account of the troops sent, or of the route they are taking. It is very possible that the object of Austria was not to make war, but to avert it, and that the advisers of the EMPEROR thought that the best means of preserving peace was to show a bold front, and to let Prussia know the risk she would run if she persevered in her designs on the Duchies. Even now, when Prussia has accepted the challenge, Austria may reckon that the spectacle of a strong force threatening her frontiers may induce Prussia to refer the matters in dispute to a European Conference. But as this is only a very vague hope, Austria must be taken to be resolved on war rather than let Prussia have both the Duchies. To suffer this would be to throw away the last chance of sustaining the influence of Austria in Germany, and Austria would rather fight than endure this patiently. Austria has not been able to have her own way with regard to the Duchies, but at any rate, in her dealings with them, she has striven to act as the representative of Germany against Prussia. Now she is simply told to walk out of the Duchies, and to give a decent burial to the hopes and wishes of the German people. To do this on compulsion would be the end of Austria as a German Power. Prussia has told

all the world that she wants the Duchies, and that therefore Austria must clear out of them. It is said that Austria was not always so reluctant to treat the cession of her claims on the Duchies as a possibility, and that she might have been induced to listen to a proposal based on the surrender to her of a slice of Prussian Silesia. But even if this is true, the time for such negotiations has gone by. Prussia first tried to dictate the terms on which Austria might be suffered to hold Holstein for a little while longer, and, when Austria declined to recognise herself as subject to the authority of the Prussian police, announced that the state of things was intolerable, that Austria was alone to blame for it, and that, in a general way, the lamb was fouling the water. But Austria was not quite so lamblike as had been anticipated, for, if Austria were too meek a Power, she could not exist. She must inspire her own subjects with respect, or there is no reason why they should obey her. If Austria were to submit to be treated as Hanover or Saxony is habitually treated by Prussia, she would see the fabric of her own Empire quickly dissolve away; and it is that she may not see this that she has run the great risk involved in provoking war and in being the first to appeal to the sword.

Prussia, too, must have had strong motives to impel her to make war so probable, and to leave Austria no choice except between war and humiliation. It is Count BISMARCK who has insisted on carrying out this policy, and Count BISMARCK must have calculated the chances very closely before he committed himself so openly and so irretrievably. He must, in the first place, have calculated that he can keep France and Russia quiet, and that, if either shows symptoms of displeasure, he can point out how they can benefit themselves without much hurting Prussia. That he can hope in any event to retain the Rhenish provinces if he goes to war with Austria is not very likely. But if he could once make up his mind to part with them, he might see a prospect before him that would be very alluring. If the Danes got North Schleswig, and the Italians Venetia, if France were satisfied with the Rhenish provinces, and Russia with Cracow and part, perhaps, of Galicia, Prussia might be allowed to do as she pleased in Germany. According to a cynical phrase imputed to Count BISMARCK, there would be Free Trade in the small German States. Prussia would make mincemeat of them, and they would disappear one after another, like flakes of snow on a river. In the Circular which Prussia has now addressed to them she desires to be informed, as soon as convenient, which of them are prepared to take her side. She will know how to deal with her friends and her enemies. As to her friends, she much regrets that their military organization is now so defective and clumsy that they cannot be of such speedy and effectual service to Prussia as could be wished. She will therefore, in a most kind and considerate spirit, give them the sort of military organization they want, and will take care for the future that their soldiers are ready to march directly Prussia has need of them. We may guess what will follow. First, the military force will be placed at the sole disposal of Prussia, and then it will be found that the civil force in these friendly little States only interferes with the military force, and had better cease to exist. With her foes Prussia will try to deal more summarily; and, to her great delight, the first foe against whom she will be at liberty to act will be Saxony. Next to treating a constitutional Assembly as if its members were a parcel of noisy snobs beneath the notice of a gentleman, the keenest delight that Count BISMARCK could have would probably be to send his troops to Dresden, and so end his many controversies with Baron VOX BEUST. If only the great foreign Powers could be kept out of the way, it must be acknowledged that Prussia has an opportunity of making herself a great German Power in a sense in which Austria could never be a great German Power. Prussia is under no necessity to conciliate the smaller States, to be on friendly terms with them, and to guide them from a distance by the exercise of judicious influence. She can do much more than this. She can overawe, coerce, and absorb them. She is exclusively a German Power, and the Germans would bear from her what they never would bear from a Power of very mixed nationalities. Even in Saxony a large portion of the population would be as content to be Prussian as to be independent, and pride in being incorporated into a united Germany would soon swallow up the mortification of having been conquered or put under the proper kind of military organization. At the very best, Austria can only hope to be as she is now; but Prussia, if the luck runs strongly in her favour, has a splendid prize before her. Count BISMARCK is not the man to see the prize floating before his eyes and fail to grasp it if he has a chance.

THE MINISTRY.

SINCE the dead calm in which "brave KEMPENFELDT" went "down with thrice three hundred men," there has been no more rapid transition from apparent security to imminent danger than during the present political crisis. The *Royal George* heeled over in port, with her armament on board, while the crew were in their hammocks. The Ministers and their subordinates were reposing in similar tranquillity until Mr. LOWE roused them partially from the slumbers which Lord GROSVENOR has since effectually dispelled. The Government vessel may possibly, after all, right herself; but in the meantime volunteers and amateurs are busily engaged in launching boats or preparing rafts for escape from an anticipated wreck. The not inconsiderable class of removable officials, which dislikes resignation more heartily than it cares for Reform, may probably be at this moment discussing Lord RUSSELL's management with excusable harshness. On his accession to power the PRIME MINISTER had presumably a majority of fifty or sixty, ready to follow him without hesitation in every direction but one. Any legislative improvements which were required might have been effected with unusual facility, and at the same time the House of Commons would not have been exacting to a Government which had merely followed the policy of Lord PALMERSTON. Unluckily, Lord RUSSELL, having encumbered himself by personal pledges, thought it necessary to compromise his colleagues and to divide his party by propounding a crude project of Reform which he had not time to mature. Having brought the Government into a false position, he cut off the means of escape by gratuitously informing an obscure deputation that he would stand or fall by the Bill which had at that time not been constructed. What no oracle had, after the general election, ventured to promise the Opposition, blunder or destiny has within a few months all but spontaneously offered; and it is now uncertain whether a Minister who has commanded one of the largest of modern Parliamentary majorities will be able to carry the second reading of the first serious measure which he has proposed. The Government has already been forced to accept the principle of Lord GROSVENOR's demand, although the concession is made in a form which may perhaps not confirm a single waverer in his allegiance. Except in special cases, the practice of introducing Bills which are mere manifestoes is in the highest degree vicious and objectionable, and the House of Commons ought steadily to discourage the production of any measure which is to be afterwards withdrawn from its cognizance. There is no use in cumbering the mill with grist which is not to be ground. A Bill postponed to a future Session may or may not be submitted by the same or another Ministry to the same or another Parliament. It is difficult to close a bargain while some of the conditions are uncertain and contingent on unknown circumstances.

If the approaching division depended on the unbiassed judgment of members, and turned on the simple issue of the Reform Bill, the Government would be beaten by four or five to one; nor would the proportion be largely altered if the question could be referred on the same terms to all the constituencies of the United Kingdom. In politics, however, issues are always more or less complex; nor is it either possible or desirable to separate estimates of measures from preferences of men. In his last speech Mr. GLADSTONE irritated both the opponents and the temperate supporters of Reform by a wild and angry protest against the statistical considerations which purported, in the QUEEN'S Speech, to be the foundation of the Bill. It is absurd to argue that 150,000 or 200,000 working-men ought to be admitted to the franchise because they are "our fellow-subjects, our fellow-Christians, our own flesh and blood." The three or four millions of Englishmen who are still to be excluded from the suffrage possess precisely the same respectable attributes; yet Mr. GLADSTONE professes sternly to reject the claims of fellow-subjects and fellow-Christians whose flesh and blood are nourished in tenements rented at 6*l.* 15*s.* a year. The House of Commons was still more justly offended by the unnecessary presentation of the working-man as "an example of courtesy, an example of good breeding, an example of high breeding." A gentleman who forgets himself would do better to contrast his exceptional behaviour with the demeanour of a gentleman who does not forget himself, or with his own bearing in calmer moments. It ill becomes an accomplished scholar and statesman to sneer at social and intellectual culture, or to affect a belief that their results are most completely produced in the absence of their causes. A Prime Minister with a rigid crotch-

seconded by a leader of the House of Commons whose prudence evaporates with his temper, will have some difficulty in carrying an obnoxious Bill; but the chances of success, which a fortnight ago seemed evanescent, may be considerably modified by events, and by time for reflection, before the 12th of April. Many members who sincerely wish to defeat the Reform Bill are still more genuinely anxious to avert a change of Ministers; and constituents will, in many places, insist on party consistency, although they may share the objections of their representatives to the Government measure. It is almost as difficult for politicians to break the bonds of party discipline as for soldiers to mutiny in the field. In both cases it is true that obedience is rudely shaken by an example of resistance, especially where, as in the case of Lord GROSVENOR, it appears to proceed from the neighbourhood of head-quarters; but fidelity to party is habitually represented by obedience to recognised leaders. In the impending contest Liberal members will be provided with plausible excuses for adopting either course. The merits of the case preponderate on the side of the Opposition and Lord GROSVENOR; but orthodox Ministerialists will reply that Lord GROSVENOR is acting with the Opposition. The Government derives great advantage from its absolute command of two faithful bodies of auxiliaries. Mr. BRIGHT's followers will vote for the Bill to a man, and the Irish Roman Catholic members will be equally uncompromising in their allegiance. Lord RUSSELL and Mr. GLADSTONE have received plenary absolution for their Italian heresies, and during the present Session they may count with certainty on the support of a section which, in the last Parliament, was often accessible to Mr. DISRAELI's blandishments. Many of their English adherents have intimated their dissatisfaction in conversation, and a few in speeches or published letters. The malcontents who have only hesitated in private will perhaps yield to the pressure which the Ministers and the extreme party will have the means of administering by the aid of local organization in Liberal boroughs. Mr. BRIGHT's proposal that a mob should, as in the days of Lord GEORGE GORDON, meet in Palace Yard to intimidate the House of Commons, is perhaps not at the present moment altogether politic; but more cautious agitators may possibly succeed where audacious demagogues fail. On the whole, a cautious bookmaker would perhaps prefer to speculate on the success of the Government in the division on the second reading.

As the opposite alternative is not impossible, rumours of new Ministerial combinations naturally abound. It is said, on ostensibly good authority, that the Government will be reconstructed under one of Lord RUSSELL's colleagues, that a coalition will be formed, that the Opposition will take office, that Lord DERBY as well as Lord RUSSELL will retire from public life. In almost every scheme, whether it rests on avowed conjecture or on supposed information, the part of the protagonist, Mr. GLADSTONE, is omitted; yet a Ministry would find it difficult to face so formidable an adversary. The defects which diminish the efficiency of a Ministerial leader sometimes become formidable weapons in opposition. Commentators on HERODOTUS, LIVY, and other non-critical historians are distributed into two principal schools of interpretation. Naturalists, otherwise called Rationalists, explain away, to suit their own opinions, narratives which they regard as, in a certain sense, literally accurate. The mythical theory, on the other hand, assumes that many allegations of fact only represent the writer's preconceived notions of probability or fitness. Under both systems it is found difficult to disentangle the historical portion of the text from the involuntary misrepresentations or erroneous inferences of the ancient chronicler. Political gossip presents nearly the same ambiguity to the sceptical listener. Well-informed persons have lately often announced that, if the Government resigns, Lord STANLEY will be Prime Minister and leader of the House of Commons, while Mr. DISRAELI will become Foreign Secretary, with a peerage. The plausibility and coherence of the scheme alternately checks and encourages the incredulity which experience develops in the curious frequenter of political society. As Lord STANLEY is to second Lord GROSVENOR's motion, and as his liberal tendencies might disarm some of the objections to a Conservative Government, there seems to be no insurmountable reason for discrediting the report that Lord DERBY may renounce his claims in favour of his heir. It is certain that Lord STANLEY would continue Mr. GLADSTONE's financial system, and that his general policy would be exempt from reactionary passion or prejudice. Reports, however, are, like history, often the less to be believed in proportion to their symmetry. A rumour which may have been a guess is generally nothing more; yet prudence requires a suspension of judgment, as long as it is possible that an apparent con-

jecture may have been the echo of a fact. The same criticism is applicable to the revived story of a Whig or Coalition Ministry under the Duke of SOMERSET. The patron of Totnes is perhaps not an enthusiast for Reform, and an experienced Minister who has never been a leading politician might have some advantage in arranging a new combination. There is too much reason to fear that either the present Government or its possible successor will be undesirably weak in Parliament and in the country. M. ROUHER might have found new arguments for universal suffrage, and against freedom, in the awkwardness which forces the country to choose between an unpopular measure and a party which is in a minority in the House of Commons.

THE FRENCH EMPEROR AND THE CHAMBER.

THE growing desire on the part of the French Legislative Body for a further extension of its liberties has not been met by any favourable response on the part of the EMPEROR. NAPOLEON III., once in his life, has been threatened with political extinction by a turbulent Chamber; and, like a burnt child, he dreads the fire. Napoleonism means some things that are good and other things that are very bad for France; but none of its best friends have ever held that the Imperial programme was in any way compatible with Parliamentary government. The knot of Liberal Imperialists who, with M. OLLIVIER for their spokesman, have urged so loudly that the Chamber should be left more free than it is at present, accept the Empire as a temporary necessity, and are desirous not to ostracize themselves from all political influence and power by taking up an attitude of extreme opposition to the Executive. But, Imperialists though they may by courtesy be called, it is clear that they are less attached to the throne than to Liberal institutions. Were it otherwise, they could not fail to see that an unmuzzled Chamber is inconsistent with the idea of Ministers only responsible to the Sovereign, and a Sovereign only responsible to the nation. The result of the incongruity, before the end of many years, would be a second *coup d'état*. The first was a thunderbolt directed against Parliamentary institutions; and since the formal establishment of the Empire they have become still more obnoxious to the personage who found them inconvenient and intolerable when he was only President of a Republic. If the French Chamber represents even indirectly the French nation, it is undesirable, in the EMPEROR's eyes, that it should have the opportunity of coming into conflict with the elected chief who claims to represent the nation more directly. Imperialism provides for no such contingency. From a crisis of the sort there could be only two outlets—the one a revolution, the other a *coup d'état*. His IMPERIAL MAJESTY may have no reason to dread the former, but he is naturally anxious not to be driven back upon the latter. He does not want to let the Parliamentary demon loose, as chaining it up again is a dangerous and expensive operation. When solicited by the minority in the Corps Législatif to let them have a little more license, his virtual reply is that he knows better. As Lord PALMERSTON would have said, "he is not such a goose." *Non bis in idem*. NAPOLEON III. is not the man to be driven into the same corner twice in his career. There are some faults he may be prone to commit, but, come what may, the French people will not catch him engaging either in a war against a European coalition, or in any peace repugnant to the national vanity, or, lastly, in the task of governing side by side with a free Chamber. When the French Empire perishes, it will probably be on a private and particular rock of its own, not on any one of the three rocks that have in turn proved fatal to the several Governments to whose place the Second Empire has succeeded.

From the point of view of his own personal and dynastic interests, the EMPEROR is therefore justified in characterising the Liberal suggestions with which he is beset as "vain theories presented in a seductive garb." On the assumption that Imperialism is to be a permanent and long-lived institution such theories are vain enough; vain, because, if they were once realized in practice, it is impossible to say what is to become, in the long run, of the NAPOLEONS. What French Liberals propose is, in effect, nothing less than a duel between the Empire and the Chamber. In declining it, the Emperor is actuated partly by the instinct of self-preservation, and partly by a Christian desire to have no fresh Second of December, and no more lopping off of heads among the tallest Parliamentary poppies. Too many autocratical victories would be nearly as pernicious as a defeat, and he is prudent and sincere in his resolution to have no more battles or opportunities of battle. In place of vain and seductive

theories, the EMPEROR tells the Corps Législatif, in his reply to their Address, that he offers them the appeasement of passions, and the satisfaction of the wants of society. And it would be unjust to maintain that such words have no sincere meaning in his mouth. They signify much that is valuable and beneficial to France. They imply material prosperity, extension of commerce, development of internal resources, and some sort of tardy movement in the direction of a complete system of popular education. M. JULES FAVRE and his friends consider this prospect as little better than gilded slavery. If AUGUSTUS does not leave Rome free, they care little for the apology *inveni lapideam, marmoream reliqui*. They prefer the chances of being troubled with an occasional CATILINE to the certainty of being ruled by an AUGUSTUS. In theory they are unquestionably right. Yet, in estimating the character of the Second Empire, impartial observers cannot entirely afford to lose sight of the consideration that even a despotism may do its paternal work worthily. When NAPOLEON III. professes to have been supported, during the last eighteen years, through the incessant anxieties and heavy responsibilities of government, by the sense of duty fulfilled and the consciousness of a useful mission to be carried out, it is idle to brand him as a hypocrite and impostor. There are times in the history of most nations when a brief dictatorship may be essential to its safety, if not to its progress, and even a SYLLA may have his mission, and discharge that mission well. The logical mistake which the EMPEROR commits is in assuming that a dictatorship is a form of civilized government, whereas it is only a suspension *pro tempore* of all political life. The man who calmly erects martial law into a philosophical system may fairly be suspected of looking to the advantage of his family rather than to the permanent welfare of his subjects.

The creation of the intermediate party of which M. OLLIVIER is the ornament rather than the mainstay, which seemed for a little time to be a hopeless project, has now arrived at the condition of a recognised experiment. The members are doubtless sincere in their wish to avoid any violent changes. They think that NAPOLEON III. governs well, but that he might govern better; and they would like the Chamber to be allowed to point out to him where he goes wrong. The more prominent and prudent of them perhaps believe that the time is coming when the Empire will be glad to avail itself of their services. Yet their studied moderation does not prevent them from being dangerous to the Crown which they do not intend to shake. The criticisms that come from them are only the more damaging, and, though their loyalty is unquestionable, they hardly go so far as to profess a passionate devotion to Napoleonism. NAPOLEON III. has frequently expressed a desire to rally round himself the leading men of old parties. But their conversion must be more radical and thoroughgoing than that of M. OLLIVIER and his allies, if it is to do the Empire real good. A knot of candid friends who do not hesitate publicly to condemn what they disapprove is by no means what is required for his purposes. Such animadversions injure him all the more because they are temperate and plausible, nor is open and inveterate antagonism what the Second Empire most fears. The public are half disposed to be tired of M. JULES FAVRE, though he often represents public opinion, just as it would grow tired of reading M. PRÉVOST-PARADOL if he were not so witty and so constantly suppressed. But an independent group of politicians dressed in Imperialist colours, who are willing both to admire what ought to be admired and to blame what should be blamed, and who are above the imputation of servility on the one hand, and partisanship and faction on the other, are calculated to influence French opinion a good deal. Such a body represents with fairness what the mass of sensible Frenchmen, who have sworn allegiance to no party flag, think of NAPOLEON III. About his person they care little, about his dynasty they care nothing, but they neither want to see him eternally thwarted nor hastily overturned. The EMPEROR is naturally not content with this cold worship. He would rather have personal attachment, and in choosing his Ministers he looks out for men who will consider their interests identical with the interests of himself, the EMPRESS, and the young PRINCE. In most countries in Europe the reigning family can do without personal enthusiasm on the part of its political adherents, because the stability of the throne is not seriously in question, nor likely to be threatened on the expiration of the first life-tenancy. The dynasty knows that it can rely on the support of whole classes which have nothing to gain by an interruption of the established order of succession. France is not one of those happy countries. No class is interested in the dynastic ideas of the EMPEROR, unless it be the army, and assertions about

the sentiments of the French army are more easily made than verified. Men of the stamp of M. PENSIGNY are valuable, because they will stand by the Empire to the death; but gentlemen of the calibre of M. OLLIVIER will only serve it faithfully in prosperity, and would not grieve irreparably over its fall. That the French EMPEROR will ever make much political use of M. OLLIVIER and the *Juste Milieu* is hardly, therefore, to be deemed certain. If he does, it will be in order to silence, not to reward, them.

A body such as the French Senate can be bought out and out. In theory the guardian of the public liberties, the Senate is in reality the salaried Court circle of the EMPEROR, which will flourish while he flourishes, and would fall if he fell. But M. OLLIVIER and the *Juste Milieu*, in the event of a general deluge, would not be content to take refuge in the EMPEROR'S Ark, to follow it if necessary into exile, and to devote a lifetime to plotting for its return. Their secession from the smaller party of determined enemies, instead of strengthening the French Executive, is not unlikely to weaken it. The EMPEROR'S latest speech proves that he is not so delighted with their attitude as to be in a hurry to accept their advice, well meant though it may be. The increase of license which is to be permitted to all meetings which do not propose political discussion for their object has been inaccurately represented as a concession to the wishes of the independent members, but it was announced formally from the throne before the debates of the present Legislative Session began. That Paris should be disappointed at learning that on matters of political interest no similar concession is in contemplation, is hardly credible. If so, the expectations of Parisians were unreasonable from the first. The crowning of the edifice which is annually predicted from the throne does not mean political liberty, as Englishmen understand the term; nor does it include the free right of Parliamentary discussion. The Empire neither intends to move, nor can it afford to move, perceptibly towards any such goal.

AMERICA.

THE recent speeches of the President of the UNITED STATES have appeared to foreigners to be wanting in dignity and refinement, but probably he understood his countrymen, and especially his opponents. The flood of Constitutional Amendments has been stayed, and the extreme Republicans have begun to quarrel among themselves. Mr. SUMNER has delivered two or three of his bombastic speeches against the resolution which his own party had carried in the House of Representatives. In proposing that electoral power should be distributed in proportion to the number of qualified voters rather than to the whole population, Mr. STEVENS and his supporters offered a boon to the States which might concede negro suffrage, while they partially redressed the anomaly by which the abolition of slavery will, after the restoration of constitutional rights, increase the influence of the South in Federal elections. No votes for Presidential electors or for members of Congress were to be allowed to any State in respect of inhabitants belonging to a class which was excluded from the franchise on the ground of colour. As the distinction is maintained in the majority of the Northern States, it was unlikely that the Amendment would be sanctioned by two-thirds of the Legislatures; but the dominant party in the Senate might have been expected to confirm the vote of the House. Mr. SUMNER, however, took the objection that, in imposing a penalty on exclusion, the Senate would recognise the right of disfranchisement as within the competence of the States. By the aid of a new definition of Republican institutions, he contrived to argue that the Constitution enjoined a system of universal suffrage which was notoriously never contemplated by its authors. If every featherless biped acquires at his birth a divine right to the blessed privilege of the ballot, it is evidently a violation of sacred laws even to assume that any political community can do what nearly all the States of the American Union, and nearly all the civilized commonwealths in the world, have hitherto done. Mr. SUMNER adds the superfluous reason that the nation is indebted to the negroes for their supposed loyalty during the war; but no supplementary assurances are necessary to perfect an original and indefeasible title. If orators such as Mr. SUMNER were open to logical confutation, it might be urged that it is as wrong in principle to suspend the enjoyment of an inalienable privilege as absolutely to confiscate the right. If it is wicked to admit that a State may possibly refuse to allow negroes to vote, it can scarcely be a legitimate exercise of superior force to govern for an indefinite

time six or seven millions of white Americans without regard to their own consent.

Mr. SUMNER's friends had little difficulty in showing that his far-fetched refinements could only have the effect of defeating a measure which tended in some degree to promote the extension of negro rights. His extreme doctrines were perhaps not unwelcome to the general body of Republicans, as they furnished an opportunity of shelving the Amendment without ostensible deference to the opposition of the PRESIDENT. Mr. STEVENS has had the good sense to feel that he had gone too far in vituperation and invective, though his recent expression of confidence in Mr. JOHNSON's patriotism was accompanied by elaborate sarcasms little calculated to promote conciliation. The disposition of the Ultra-Republicans to compromise has been remarkably illustrated by the Report of the joint Committee of Reconstruction in favour of the conditional admission to Congress of the representatives from Tennessee. That State, as it was organized during the war by Mr. ANDREW JOHNSON, is to be restored to the Union, not absolutely and finally, but as long as it continues to comply with certain terms which ensure its co-operation with the party in power. The measure is in itself repugnant to justice, as well as to the Constitution; but it may have important consequences if it prevents the threatened rupture between the PRESIDENT and Congress. The Tennessee delegates who are to be admitted were elected under a State Constitution which disfranchised at least two-thirds of the citizens of the State as partisans of the Confederacy. The privileged minority has, with the assent of the notorious GOVERNOR, committed many gross outrages against the persons and property of the defeated party, and there is probably no Southern region in which ancient animosities are at present fresher or more vigorous. The PRESIDENT, however, is proud of his own handiwork, and he is attached to the name, if not to the true interests, of his State. Should the conditions of its admission to Congress be withdrawn, it is not improbable that he may avoid any further breach with the party to which he owes his election. The hasty boasts of the Democrats, that the PRESIDENT has returned to their ranks, are shown to be premature by the habitual distribution of his patronage among Republican candidates. The Collectorship of New York, which is perhaps the most profitable office under the Federal Government, has been kept vacant during the recent controversy, as if for the purpose of leaving both parties in doubt. In the meantime, the Democrats and the moderate Republicans speak of the PRESIDENT in language which would be censured as gross flattery if it were applied by Prefects and Mayors to the Emperor of the FRENCH. Mr. JOHNSON has probably the good sense to see that the adulation of politicians is an acknowledgment rather of his official power than of his personal merit.

It is commonly assumed by English writers that the PRESIDENT is engaged in the task of restoring the conquered States to the enjoyment of all their constitutional rights. It is not improbable that his policy may hereafter become more liberal, but thus far he has only advocated the admission of Senators and Representatives who are personally exempt from all complicity with the Confederate Government. His own State is ruled by an oligarchy, and further South it would be difficult to find presentable candidates possessing the required qualification. In the hill country of Eastern Tennessee there was a population really loyal to the North; but South Carolina was unanimous in its support of Secession, and in Louisiana Mr. LINCOLN's agents could only collect a tenth of the whole number of citizens to elect a Convention, although Northern soldiers and camp-followers were allowed to swell the roll. It is highly improbable that, in a free election, any candidates who had not been so-called rebels would be returned to Congress by any Southern State. It would be difficult to reproduce in the South even the political organization of Ireland as it existed in the days of Protestant ascendancy. Tennessee, North Carolina, and Virginia have, indeed, political Orangemen of their own, but there is no Ulster in Georgia or in Florida. The evidence which has been given before the Reconstruction Committee is probably biased and partially selected; but, as far as it can be trusted, it shows that the feeling throughout the conquered States is almost uniformly unchanged, except that the final defeat of the Confederate cause is universally acknowledged. Mr. STEVENS's plan of ruling the South, for an indefinite time, by military force is more consistent than the demand that the conquered party should choose representatives among the small section which was regarded during the war as guilty of treason to the State Governments. The dissentients may in many cases have been honest and prudent men, but the success of their calculations has made them doubly obnoxious to their fellow-citizens. Governor BROWNLOW

in Tennessee, and General HAMILTON in Texas, like restored exiles in old Greek cities, provoke a feeling of enmity to their alien patrons which might perhaps subside in their absence from power.

If Congress has been wanting in statesmanlike wisdom during the discussions on the reconstruction of the Union, its leaders display still more conspicuous defects when they deal with foreign affairs. After the Canadian mission had been repelled by the Committee of Ways and Means, a Bill was introduced into Congress to arrange the duties on produce imported from Canada by legislation, in place of the expiring treaty. The object of the promoters was to maintain protection without absolutely prohibiting trade with Canada, and they also desired to retain for American fishermen the right of frequenting the waters of Nova Scotia. The Bill was strenuously opposed by the uncompromising supporters of monopoly, and it has been defeated in the House by a vote of two to one. An independent Legislature has a right to be selfish and shortsighted, but when its members are wantonly rude, they disgrace the body to which they belong. Mr. MORRILL, Chairman of the Committee of Ways and Means, and a principal member of the Republican party, remarked, in speaking of the Fisheries, that "England could easily pick a quarrel if she liked, but that, if she did, she would lose her American provinces, hook and line, bob and sinker." Those who undertake to lecture Englishmen on Federal affairs constantly assert that the chronic discourtesy of American politicians has been almost exclusively the fault of the Democrats. It is true that diplomatic or international ill-breeding seemed to have been brought to perfection by Mr. CALHOUN, Mr. PIERCE, Mr. CUSHING, and Mr. BUCHANAN; but the Republicans have, for four or five years, proved their superiority to their rivals in the art of using offensive language. If any leader of a party in the House of Commons were to speak of France or America as Mr. MORRILL speaks of England, he would be thought to have lost his senses, and he would be summarily rebuked by protests from opponents, and by the silence of friends; but it is no exaggeration to state that remonstrances against insults to England are absolutely unknown in the United States. Even if a great nation chooses to be unjust, it gains nothing by petulant incivility. The elegance and good taste which Mr. HAWTHORNE, in his latest work, described as the distinguishing qualities of Americans are not displayed in public by Mr. BANCROFT or Mr. MORRILL.

The toleration and encouragement which are awarded to the Fenian conspirators furnish matter for graver complaint. When arms and ammunition are publicly collected for the invasion of a friendly country, and while American troops are publicly mustered into the service of the so-called Irish Republic, it is wonderful that Americans should still brood over the imaginary wrong of a want of English sympathy for one section in the civil war. While all parties are more or less culpable in this matter, it is proper to observe that the Democrats are the most shameless accomplices of the Fenian plot. The politicians who almost avowedly sympathized with the South are especially eager to be revenged on England for a supposed participation in the same opinion or feeling. Mr. CONWAY perhaps showed his foresight when he lately threatened Englishmen with the unanimous hostility of both the recent belligerents. That the employers of Captain SEMMES should resent the exploits of the *Alabama* would be a wonderful proof of that cynical indifference to justice which American politicians of all parties have for many years exhibited in the language which they have addressed to England.

THE PREMIER.

IF those countries are blessed which have no history, a portion of this blessing may be credited to the absence of a visible government. For, in order to secure that uninterrupted tranquillity which is the parent of this happy obscurity, the inaction of the administrators is a necessary condition. According to the proverb we have quoted, the happiest of all nations would be one which was lulled by its rulers to the sleep of perpetual inaction. And there are countries in the world where, despite all that is said by the apostles of progress, such a lethargy is quite possible. It is possible in Russia, in Japan, in China, and perhaps, after a really serious revolution, in a South American Republic. It must be a happy state in which every one rests and is thankful, where there is nothing to tax the intellects of legislators or worry the nerves of Ministers—where day speaketh to day, and year to year, in the monotony of unbroken sameness. It is a pity that the same condition cannot be transferred to

nations living under constitutional governments. It would save an infinity of trouble and vexation of spirit. We fear that this never can be; the prejudices of a people accustomed to self-government are too strongly opposed to its introduction. But, hopeless as is the task of overcoming such prejudices, some admiration is due to the heroism which attempts it. And such admiration has been fairly earned by no less a personage than the head of the present Administration, the champion and panegyrist of constitutional government.

Parliament has now sat about seven weeks. During that time it cannot be said that there has been any lack of subjects to engage public attention. There has been a Cattle Plague to arrest, a Reform Bill to arrange, Irish sedition to suppress, and a multifarious tribe of smaller but not unimportant matters to discuss and deliberate upon. The suggestions for Reform have varied as much as the hypotheses which presumed its necessity. The Irish sedition discloses a state of feeling which, at any rate, might be supposed to provide matter of reflection for every statesman. It cannot be said that the Ministry has been silent, for Mr. GLADSTONE has been voluble enough. But the PREMIER—what has he said? What exposition of a policy, what enunciation of principles, has come from him? He has been as chary of his words as an ancient oracle on the eve of a battle between two equally-balanced States. He has spoken in all about nine times. On the 6th of February was the debate on the Address. Every opportunity was given by leading Peers for an expression of opinion by the chief Minister of the Crown. Earl GREY and the Earl of DERBY spoke fully upon that which they naturally deemed the most important subject of the day—namely, the Ministerial intentions with respect to Reform. It was supposed that on such an occasion the PRIME MINISTER would give some intimation of his own views, of the reasons which urged him to propose a Reform Bill, and of the extent to which he wished to carry it. But the opportunity so favourable to a frank exposition was turned to no account. Earl RUSSELL had nothing to say beyond a bald and unimpressive explanation why he had opposed the rival Reform Bill of Lord DERBY some seven years ago, and why he had thought it right to send a Commission to Jamaica. No one now wonders at his reserve, for it is clear that when he put the subject of Reform into the QUEEN'S Speech he had not the most remote notion of its actual bearings on the constituencies of the kingdom. Certainly it is a merit in ignorance to be reserved; but then ignorance of his own intentions, and of the facts by which they should be guided, is not the special virtue of an English Prime Minister. The next occasion on which he favoured the House was on the 8th of February, when he was understood to mutter some indistinct explanation of his reasons for not having proclaimed a general Fast. The unimportance of this muttering seems to have been accepted as an excuse for its indistinctness. On the 14th of February he consumed ten minutes in repeating some arguments of the LORD CHANCELLOR on certain provisions of the Cattle Bill. On the 18th he brought before the House of Lords the motion for suspending the Habeas Corpus in Ireland. On this occasion the length and the tone of his speech were not wholly inconsistent with the gravity of the subject. The next occasion on which the PREMIER addressed their Lordships was on bringing a Royal Message respecting annuities to Prince ALFRED and the Princess HELENA. There was but little to say, and that little was said just in a way to provoke comparison with Mr. GLADSTONE'S speech on the same subject. On the 1st of March he spoke for about ten minutes on the submission of Railway Bills to Committees; and on the 2nd, a lucid statement of Lord DERBY, in reference to the trustees of the late KING of the BELGIANS, drew from the PREMIER another speech of about the same duration.

On the 13th of March it devolved upon the PREMIER to introduce a subject which required knowledge, illustration, and eloquence—a subject which possessed no slight interest in itself, and which nothing but the baldest and most ungenial treatment could possibly have made uninteresting. When a Prime Minister comes down to Parliament with a proposition to change the form of government in a colony like Jamaica, which once was the richest and most famous of our Western possessions, and the recent history of which has excited universal curiosity and attention throughout the country, expectation is naturally on tiptoe, and the world prepares to listen to an argument at once statesmanlike and philosophical. Those who listened in the House of Lords, on the afternoon of March the 13th, were doomed to a cruel disappointment. There was presented a ques-

tion touching on one of the most momentous phases of Colonial polity—the relations of a small governing people to a large alien subject race. There were to be considered the reciprocal conditions of the two peoples, the effects of former slavery, the effects of emancipation, the influences of Colonial legislation, of education or its perversion—in fact, every question that can engage the attention or the sympathies of thinking men. What had Lord RUSSELL to say on these points, or on any of them? Not a word. If any one had come down to the House that night, wishing to learn from the PREMIER the causes which had led to the suicidal extinction of a Legislature whose former jealousy of its own privileges was shared by powerful politicians in England, he would have gone away no wiser than he came. All that the QUEEN'S Prime Minister had to tell their Lordships was that Antigua, Barbadoes, and Trinidad produce much more sugar now than they did in the time of slavery, whereas Jamaica produces much less. He certainly did glance at the delusion of the negroes, who expected to be paid continuous wages without giving continuous labour in return. But on the causes of this delusion—on the deception of the negro by his pretended friends, his ill-treatment by his employer, the mischievous agitation of sectarian partisans, and the results of these different influences on the balance of political power in the island—Lord RUSSELL did not condescend to enlighten their Lordships. Had it not been for Earl GREY, the Peers would probably have had to vote on the question under the influence of knowledge gained outside the House. The last important motion in the House of Lords was that of Lord GREY, who moved on March the 16th for a Committee on the condition of Ireland. Here, again, was a subject for the statesman, the orator, and the patriot. The origin of Fenianism; its coincidence with, or difference from, the traditional grievances of the Irish people; the relations of landlord and tenant; the causes of emigration; the problem of the Established Church or of three established churches—these provided material sufficient for a statesman possessing clear views and a speaker capable of clear expression. But these topics were left to Lord GREY and Lord DUFFERIN, who did justice to them, while Lord RUSSELL contented himself with a string of self-complacent platitudes about the honesty of WOLFE TONE, the recent rise of wages in Ireland, and the great difficulty either of pulling down the Protestant Establishment or setting up any other. Even this, according to the QUEEN'S Prime Minister, was difficult or dangerous or inexpedient. And all this was said without the faintest sign of shame, humiliation, or self-reproach.

A third of the Session has passed by. Within that period we see how much Lord RUSSELL has spoken and what he has said. It becomes a matter of curious inquiry, "Who is the 'Premier?'" It is not, indeed, desirable that a Prime Minister should be always on his legs, always talking, or always replying to opponents. But it is expected that on great subjects he should be able to give dignified expression to decided opinions. He is not expected to garnish a Bill for the abolition of a Colonial Parliament with stale quotations about hogsheads of sugar, nor to reply to a speech like that of Lord GREY with a few halting sentences about the difficulty of dealing with the Irish Church or with Irish Roman Catholics. To all appearance, Lord RUSSELL is becoming what the Greeks called a Mute Personage, in the great drama which is going on about him, and in which he is supposed to play a part. And it is felt that his silence is even better than his speech. This is not a fitting part for the head of an English Ministry to take. But it is the part which a Minister of sluggish sympathies, of partial confidences, and of social isolation, is compelled to take, unless he is also a man of genius. People begin to infer that this want of energy denotes want of strength, and that the real lead of the Cabinet is passing elsewhere. Nor is the contemplation of its transit satisfactory to men of moderate temper and constitutional sympathies. For, while the symbols of power may seem to rest on the eloquent leader of the House of Commons, the instincts of that House and of the people tell them that its reality is clutched by the coarse and unscrupulous demagogue whose avowed commendation of physical force to his followers out of doors is but a natural accompaniment to the habitual rancour which even the restraints of society do not prevent him from exhibiting towards the institutions of the country and those who are their natural defenders. The prospect, indeed, is sad, of the PREMIER'S inertness being ridden down by Mr. GLADSTONE'S supple energy, and Mr. GLADSTONE'S timidity being in its turn made subservient to the superior courage or craft of Mr. BRIGHT.

THE ELECTION COMMITTEES.

AT a time when it is proposed to increase the strength of the lower part of the constituency of the small boroughs, it is not uninteresting to inquire how far the possession of the franchise has ennobled those who already enjoy it, and what use they make of their privilege. Election petitions are rather costly affairs, and probably, where there is one defeated candidate who ventures to appeal to a Committee, there are a score who think they have a good case. Then everybody, except the SPEAKER of the House of Commons in his official capacity, knows that petitions can be paired as easily as votes, and that it is rather the rule than otherwise for two decidedly corrupt elections to establish mutual purity, provided that the one happens to have been favourable to the Conservative and the other to the Liberal cause. Now, if any one who has the faintest perception of the doctrine of probabilities will only consider these and a few other cognate and familiar facts, he will find it difficult to avoid the conclusion that every case of a corrupt return duly proved and certified ought to be taken as representing not less than fifty others which would perhaps be found quite as bad if we knew all about them. The disclosures before the Election Committees are therefore vastly more significant than the comparatively small number of petitions actually contested would seem to make them; and, regarded merely as samples of the mass, they give no reason to complain that the practices of bribery, intimidation, and corruption have at all degenerated, though, as a rule, members have been more judiciously screened from all knowledge of or participation in the irregularities than has been usual on the occasion of former general elections.

Totnes is a little borough—one of Mr. BRIGHT's West of England villages—which has had the fortune or misfortune of losing one of its representatives, a man of enormous reputed wealth, by the decision of a Parliamentary Committee. The whole number of votes actually polled was about 350, and this select rural circle enjoys for the present the privilege of sending two members to the House of Commons. Mr. SEYMOUR and Mr. PENDER were the Liberal candidates—one of them, it would seem, a shade too liberal; Colonel DAWKINS and Captain PIM stood in the Tory interest. So small a list of voters for so goodly a show of candidates tells its own story. If the 380 electors of Totnes were not meant to take bribes, for what intelligible reason were they permitted to return two members to a reformed House of Commons? We confess our entire inability to answer the question, and the natives of that pleasant little town or village appear to have been in the same difficulty. At all events, some of them came to the conclusion that the large share of electoral power entrusted to them was a measure of their political value, and that it was their duty to themselves and their families to get the market price for the precious commodity. The decision of the Committee which unseated Mr. PENDER turned upon an isolated act of bribery. A Mr. HARRIS, a land-agent (no mere ten-pounder be it observed), said he was offered a situation of between 200*l.* and 300*l.* a year; Mr. PENDER's observation, according to this witness, being that "he had an advantage over the Tories, as he could bring up the Duke of SOMERSET's tenants without paying them"—the only unbribed voters in the borough it would seem—"and that, as corruption was going on to an enormous extent, he, having got among the Jews, must do as the Jews did." Mr. PENDER was unlucky in being fixed alone with the offence, when, if the same Mr. HARRIS is correct, "not fifty people in the borough voted without receiving some consideration." The moral of the case is the enormous extent to which bribery goes on in a constituency of a few hundreds. Not only did Mr. HARRIS get the offer of 200*l.* or 300*l.* a year, but the current price of votes seems to have fixed in hundreds, instead of in tens, according to the more common tariff. A hay-dealer was promised 100*l.* to vote for the Liberals, and voted the other way, which was an exceptional act of virtue, if nothing more remains to be told. A confectioner declined to listen to any offer under 200*l.* A gardener was offered 200*l.* by the Tory, Mr. SCREACH, and replied that Mr. MICHELMORE—the gentleman who was not the proved agent of the Liberal candidates—had said that it did not matter what SCREACH offered, for he would give more. Mr. SCREACH himself admitted having paid away 300*l.* or 400*l.* for the Conservatives; and there is nothing in the whole evidence to throw a doubt upon the general accuracy of a statement by one of the witnesses, that the men who refused bribes did it on the ground that they could get more from the other side.

In this state of things, it is a matter of infinitesimal importance whether bribery should be successful in the person of Mr. PENDER or of some rival candidate; but it is of some importance

to know what sort of people the 380 electors of Totnes are, and what may be expected from other boroughs of the same size and exposed to the same temptations. Great Yarmouth is an equally striking specimen of a somewhat different class of borough. The morality of the voters does not appear to have been superior to that observable at Totnes, but their price was considerably lower, in no case we believe exceeding 20*l.* The quantity of bribery, however, made up for the quality, and the scantiness of the offers was in many instances compensated by the ingenious arrangement of taking bribes from both sides. Some gentlemen compromised the matter between their pockets and their consciences by taking the money of their enemies and voting for their friends. Mr. BICKERS, a shoemaker, may be taken as a type of the town of bloaters. He was offered 10*l.* to vote for LACON and GOODSON; it was not enough; so at last he got 15*l.*, and then he voted for BROGDEN and VANDERBYL, because his principles were that way. No doubt Mr. BROGDEN and Mr. VANDERBYL must be consoled in their defeat by knowing what high-principled support they received from the Yarmouth shoemaker. But here, again, it is not only the small shopkeepers who yield to temptation. Mr. JOHN JONES pursues the horrible calling of a dentist. A gentleman visited him in excruciating agony from a bad tooth, but on reaching his private room was immediately relieved on depositing 12*l.* on the mantelpiece. The honest dentist promised to return the money if he did not vote for the Liberals, and he kept his promise, for the other side gave him 15*l.* 10*s.* It is a matter of course in all these cases that no agency is proved, the difficulty in the Yarmouth case having been slightly aggravated by the accidental absence of an alleged agent when it was attempted to serve him with the SPEAKER's warrant. Still, though the Committee do not condemn the sitting members, they declare that corrupt practices extensively prevailed at the election for Great Yarmouth, and enumerate eleven proved instances of bribery, in the majority of which the elector voted against the candidates who first bought him, either "on principle" or because he got a larger bribe from the other side. Mr. JONES the dentist, however, stands alone as having returned the first *douceur*, on accepting a slight advance from the opposite party. As a rule, the money was taken from both sides, and the vote given according to what the elector called his principles, or else in favour of the more generous paymaster. Disfranchisement is not a wholly unknown punishment in this borough; and, if the Reform Bill No. 2 should be severe both upon Totnes and Great Yarmouth, the purity of election would not suffer by its success.

If we ascend a little higher in the scale of importance, as measured by population, we find a different, but scarcely more pleasing, illustration of electoral purity. Nottingham is a town of respectable size. It has its manufactures, and among other branches of industry it manufactures two members at a very moderate rate of profit. The four candidates were Messrs. PAGET and MORLEY on the Liberal side, Sir ROBERT CLIFTON as an ultra-Radical, and Mr. MARTEN who led the Conservative forlorn hope. The custom in Nottingham has always been for the Tories to coalesce with what used to be known as the Chartist section, and though the existence of a distinct coalition is not admitted, very friendly relations were established between the Committee-rooms of Sir ROBERT CLIFTON and Mr. MARTEN. The tactics of Nottingham are very different from those of Totnes or Great Yarmouth. A constituency of about 7,000 is too large for heavy bribes, and the cheaper method of retaining "lambs" to intercept adverse voters, to put down hostile candidates, and to sack the Committee-rooms of the opposite party, is generally resorted to. A flavour of bribery, however, may be detected in the fact that, by the admission of the petitioners themselves, Messrs. PAGET and MORLEY found it needful to retain 450 "paid canvassers," who seem all to have been voters, at prices varying according to the demand, but never, we think, exceeding a pound per man. Sir ROBERT CLIFTON seems to have relied more upon physical energy than upon the influence of money. Very moderate sums sufficed to secure the services of lambs, and though this important class of auxiliaries was freely employed on both sides, the lambs of PAGET and MORLEY were far less efficient in their gentle pressure than the flock of Sir ROBERT CLIFTON. BESON JACK and CABBAGE SMITH behaved like heroes on the side of Sir ROBERT. The candidate's own gamekeeper raised quite a little army on the strength of a single sovereign, buying many, as he said, for a pint of beer. Even the famous tinnam TERRY, who commanded in chief, only got 2*l.* 10*s.* for burning the hustings and sacking two or three committee-rooms, which seems an extremely moderate rate of payment; though, in justice to the General, it is fair to add that he was promised a

further sum of 5*l.* by a gentleman in black, who disappeared after paying the first instalment of a sovereign. Altogether, a very effective riot was got up on the most economical terms, and, if Nottingham should be thought less profligate than smaller boroughs, it has the credit of surpassing them all in well-directed violence.

These disclosures are but specimens, though perhaps choice specimens, of what goes on in a large proportion of the lesser boroughs; and when Mr. GLADSTONE makes his statement (if he ever does make it) on the subject of disfranchisement, we hope that he will supply the House with a fresh column of statistics, showing the market price of votes in the different constituencies and the average cost of an army of efficient lambs. Such data will be at least as valuable as the per-centage of 7*l.* houses, and ought to exercise not less influence on the terms of the supplementary Reform Bills which are to be produced if and when the pioneer Bill shall pass safely through the ordeal of a Parliamentary division.

THE LATE QUEEN OF THE FRENCH.

THE death, full of years and honours, of the granddaughter of MARIA THERESA and the niece of MARIE ANTOINETTE is an event which looks more like an extract from a page of European history than a subject of the day. Cradled in the alarms of war, her childhood saturated with the horrors of the Reign of Terror, and passing through all the stormy vicissitudes of a throne of the legitimacy of which she felt no assurance, it may be that, though destined to die an uncrowned Queen and an exile, the latter days of MARIE AMÉLIE were her happiest. She has laid her "gray discrowned head" peacefully on the bed of a tranquil and painless death, surrounded by a numerous and promising train of her children and her children's children, and amidst the sympathies of a nation which, with a generous love, has long adopted her into its family of Royal personages. The secret of Queen MARIE AMÉLIE's life is that it had no secret. She was a most real and truthful person. She represented, in their extremest types, principles of which here in England there is a large and growing distrust. Legitimacy in its most incisive shape, and the religion of Rome in its severest and least attractive aspect—these were the guiding principles of the late QUEEN's mind and life. But then these were principles with her; she used them for no selfish or inferior ends. They were to her the same everlasting truths, whether on a throne or in banishment. They were to her the voice of God, and, whether successful or persecuted, they were the same. She shed a halo of sanctity around a severity of purpose to which she was, in her own person, ready to be the first and greatest sacrifice. If one might venture to attribute shape and consistency to the retrospect of her chequered life, she might have viewed, in the failing fortunes and apparent extinction of the great Royal House of BOURBON, something akin to the stern NEMESIS of Greek fable, or to the law of that elder dispensation which visits the sins of the fathers on the children. She bowed beneath the scourge because she traced it to some invisible hand. In the misfortunes of herself and her family she perhaps saw retribution for what she might deem the apostasy of her uncle JOSEPH, the double-dealing of her father, and the treason of EGALITÉ. Certainly it has been on the best of the Royal family of France—on the well-intentioned LOUIS XVI., the sincere CHARLES X., and the pious MARIE AMÉLIE—that the burden of expiation has fallen; and to a religious mind brought up in an atmosphere of omens and superstitions such thoughts must have been familiar.

We can quite understand that the most trying period of the QUEEN's life must have been that of the reign of the Citizen KING. That anomaly, for such it must have appeared to her, of sovereignty must have grated on her tenderest susceptibilities. LOUIS PHILIPPE could not but have been a usurper in his wife's eyes, and the ambiguous policy by which he won and lost his unsteady throne must have repelled her taste, as well as her sense of loyalty and divine right. The strange and sudden death of her first-born son, and of a gifted daughter, the flower of her large family, must have come before MARIE AMÉLIE as the first, but to her distinct, intimation that a dynasty founded in what her education taught her to regard as wrong had not the promise of perpetuity. But when the crash came, and the last of the BOURBON Kings displayed a weakness which was all but abject, she came out in all the dignity of a woman and the daughter of a hundred Kings. It was not for herself, or for her own aggrandizement or happiness, that she counselled the KING to be worthy

of himself, and of that Crown which, however attained, was to her a Crown, and the highest symbol of duty. We may perhaps be sceptical as to the heroic words, of which more than one version is recorded, which she is said to have addressed to the trembling and disheartened Citizen KING; and it may turn out that, like Lord BROUGHAM's interview with WILLIAM IV., we have here a modern mythus. There could have been but few witnesses to the celebrated and last scene at the Tuileries, and whoever was present was not likely to repeat the conversation. But there can be no question that, in whatever form the protest was spoken, the Queen of the FRENCH, in her last hour of sovereignty, passionately and indignantly combated the notion of abdication. In that melancholy collapse of spirit and duty the only man in the ORLEANS family was a woman. Not that she was, either by nature or taste, a heroine of that melodramatic form which we have lately seen in the Queen of NAPLES. She would have a man and a King do a kingly part; but her own place was on her knees. Man must work, but woman must pray. And when all her efforts failed to rouse the unmanned and unnerved KING, the QUEEN relapsed into her pure womanhood. The wife and mother henceforth replaced the Queen; and in the calm seclusion of Claremont MARIE AMÉLIE might have mused, and we dare say did muse, on the shattered past with something of the feelings, and more of the sincerity, which have been attributed to another notable of Escher:—

Farewell

The hopes of court! my hopes in heaven do dwell.

A character like this tells on bystanders, and especially tells on English sympathies. Hartwell, and Claremont, and even Holyrood have done much to accustom us to the better side of French Royalty *en congé*. And the exiled BOURBONS, to do them only justice, have exhibited many admirable qualities during their exile. The simple domestic virtues were, after all, the strong foundation of the late QUEEN's character. It could only have been personal affection which reconciled the daughter of Naples to a union with the son of EGALITÉ; and the home life of the Duke and Duchess of ORLEANS was a very model of what the family ought to be. In her retirement the Queen of the FRENCH lived only for her family, for her neighbours, and for the poor of whatever nation or creed, to whom she dedicated so much of her care and her charity. If the religion of MARIE AMÉLIE was of the strictest form, it did not exclude the sense of duties which she owed to our common humanity; and she repaid our hospitality, ungrudgingly given as a tribute to her solid virtues, by abundant alms to her neighbours, and by the kindest and most generous sympathy with our tastes and habits. Whether it be that the great ORLEANS family is destined to subside into the honourable rank of English gentlemen, or whether the fickle deity who presides over politics, the great Goddess Mutability, has still a worthy future for the BOURBONS in their own land, this is certain, that the salutary influence of English associations will do much to harden the moral fibre of that unfortunate but remarkable family. And, in either fortune, her descendants will have few happier recollections than those bequeathed by the virtuous and high-toned life of Queen MARIE AMÉLIE.

DONKEY-RIDING ON PARNASSUS.

IT has been calculated that, at some period or other of their lives, most men and all women have been guilty of the crime of writing indifferent verses. Senior wranglers, and attorneys' clerks, and a few other favoured persons have been perhaps an exception to the rule, and have passed a dry, chippy, verseless youth. But the majority of mankind have known the gentle pleasures of donkey-riding upon Parnassus, and have exhausted the ordinary commonplaces and rhymes about despair, and broken hearts, and flowers and bowers, and the moon. The first effect of the sprouting of the juvenile affections on the male portion of our species is to make them preternaturally gloomy. They have really themselves to blame, for they begin by fixing their young hearts on all sorts of impossible and unattainable objects. Either it is a married cousin twice their age, or it is their tutor's chubbiest daughter, or else a blue-eyed seraph in a bonnet who beams on them every Sunday during the holidays from a distant pew in church. They have long been acquainted with what Horace and Ovid and Lemprière's Dictionary have to say about the terrible and withering effects of love, and now at last they are introduced to it in reality. And they find the passion quite as harrowing as they had expected. Their own miserable condition is much worse than that of all the heroes of whom they have read. Swimming the Hellespont and finding Hero waiting on the other side was a much easier affair than telegraphing the state of one's heart to decorous and innocent young angels during divine service, or summoning up courage to tell the gay and unconscious married cousin all the torments she has inflicted, with the

horrid possibility in the background that she will be heartless enough to laugh when she is told. Placed in this sad predicament, between emotion on the one side and the cold code of social conventionality on the other, the juvenile lover believes very naturally that Destiny has marked him for her victim. Under such circumstances, he feels that Horace and Ovid and Sappho and Byron have chalked out beforehand the proper course to be pursued. They wrote poetry when they were in love, and the only thing to be done is to follow the example. The chief difficulty is in finding material. Rhymes and metres are not invincible obstacles, but when the cruel being who is the cause of all has been described as light-hearted and careless, and her victim as hopelessly blighted, almost all has been said. When the sea and the woods and the rocks and the daffodils have in turn been informed of her behaviour, scarcely anybody is left except the moon; and it is impossible to go on for months keeping literary company with, and exclusively addressing oneself to, the moon. Shelley and Byron could not have done it themselves; and after a feeble effort to maintain his verses at the proper astronomical elevation, the youthful lover terminates his donkey-ride on Parnassus, and returns to cricket and foot-ball with a feeling of concealed indignation at the want of sustained romantic power in his donkey. Young poetesses are more prolific and more patient than the young poets in this respect. Like the latter, they start, as a rule, in a proper temper of gloom; though it is not produced, as in the case of the male juvenile, by unrequited affection. With the young lady, the gloom, generally speaking, is the consequence of the iron discipline of the schoolroom. Governesses are a very trying set. They have a way of goading the young soul into a frenzy, and making life seem very barren and unendurable. What with French verbs, and Pinnock's dates, and scales, and posture lessons, and the continual strain kept up on the mind by the necessity of walking straight and keeping the shoulders down, existence would be altogether intolerable if it were not for the consolations of religion and of poetry. There will, at all events, be no governesses in heaven; pianofortes will give place to harps, and Pinnock and chronology will be extinguished when time itself shall be no more. The youthful poetess turns her attention, therefore, to poetical reflections on what will happen to her when she is an angel. She will have wings, and perhaps a lute; and when she turns over in her mind all the things that rhyme with wings and lutes, and remembers that when wings and lutes have been exhausted lyres and pinions will still remain behind, she feels that, come what may in the shape of French verbs, she is rich indeed. And accordingly heaven plays to the young poetess the part that the moon and disappointed affection play to the young poet. It is obvious, from the nature of the subject, that she can continue patiently much longer at it. Some authoresses never use up the topic at all. They go on all through their lives belonging to what may, without irreverence, be termed the lute-and-wing school of feminine poetry. The occupation is by no means in itself an unhealthy one for the young, and it is certainly much better for the head and heart to write about real angels than, like juvenile authors, to be scribbling about human angels in female dress. As compared with the latter pastime, the former is a noble and invigorating exercise; and youthful poetesses who are in the lute-and-wing line make up in high moral tone and in piety what they want in variety and strength.

The next stage in the history of versification is less natural, but a little more artistic. The young donkey-rider has learnt to appreciate the literary pleasure of metrical composition. He has taught himself to admire the feats in metre and in rhythm accomplished by all the great poets whom he observes caroling over Parnassus, and he does not see why his Pegasus should not perform the same. Henceforward he trots out his animal for the sake of making it jump, and not simply with a view of occupying himself as a blighted being ought. The old anxiety to be a lover gives place to the new desire of becoming a poet. He tries, one after the other, all the fences which others before him have taken, and contrives somehow or other to shamble over most of them with more or less satisfaction to himself. Minds begin by being receptive and impressionable long before they are productive or original, and as philosophy is said to commence in wonder, poetry-making starts in admiration. The first step is to reproduce the poetical echoes that have been picked up from reading the poetry of bigger men. A large number of great sentimentalists are remarkable for a characteristic mannerism of their own. They have a peculiar trick and swing and rhythm which reappears time after time in their various literary achievements. Their admirer soon seizes it, and believes that it is in this that the secret of their excellence resides. Poetry is the art of cooking and serving up pleasing thoughts in a tasteful and effective way, and the young cultivator of the Muses knows, or thinks he knows, how to cook his hare long before he has caught it. His disposition to imitate is fostered by the real pleasure that successful imitation brings with it. Next to the pleasure of creating comes the genuine pleasure of reproducing what other people have created. Reproduction or imitation is, in fact, a sort of creation of a secondary order. The definition of poetry given by the first of ancient philosophers is that it is an art of imitating, by which he partly means that it is the art of reproducing in language ideas which exist in nature or in the mind; giving, in fact, to airy nothings a local habitation and a name. Young poets unfortunately have no airy nothings of their own. They are obliged to borrow, not merely the principles of cooking, but the idea which is to be cooked. The process of re-

cooking gives them a real artistic satisfaction, and if they were content to practise it in private, it would be a valuable part of their literary training. The mistake they make is in hoping that the *rechauffé* which they have so sincerely enjoyed making, the world at large will care to taste. If the *rechauffé* were usually good of its kind, there would be less harm in their thinking so. But the parts of the style of great authors which they most commonly serve up are, as a rule, the most prominent, the most vulgar, and the most worthless. It is not unnatural that it should be so. Clever rhymes, or ingenious twists, or curious and involved expressions take the firmest hold on the attention of those who are only half trained to discriminate between literary pearls and literary husks. The beauties of a thoroughly artistic work, though patent to a skilled observer, are for a beginner far less patent than the mannerisms which deface it. He has a dim sense that the thing is beautiful, and he thinks that the cause of the beauty is the one thing which, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, impairs and weakens it. Instead, therefore, of a good *rechauffé*, he presents his generation with a *rechauffé* that leaves out the subtle essence of the original, and reproduces only the garlic and the pepper in enormous quantities. The errors of the authoress are not quite of the same description. She is too ambitious of creating startling effects. In ordinary cases women do not go through the intellectual fermentation that is a necessary part of the literary training of men. They are simpler in their tastes and predilections; and their comparative ignorance of the tricks of composition preserves them from half the fantastic extravagances and mannerisms into which male poetasters tumble. They do not attempt as much as Phaeton or Icarus, and their failures are therefore less ludicrous and absurd. Having started in the lute-and-wing business early in life, they are quite content to continue in the humbler line of hymnological manufacture. Their imitative tendencies are amply satisfied when they have mastered some of the more difficult rhymes of Mrs. Hemans or Mrs. Barrett Browning, and learnt that sweet evangel will rhyme to angel, that manna will go properly in harness with hosanna, that teraphim is a pleasing and ingenious match for seraphim, and that death's gloomy portals may be made to pair off opposite to any number of immortals.

As poetry depends for its success on the poet's having something to say, and knowing how to say it when he has got it, the donkey-rider on Parnassus finds himself in a perpetual dilemma. In the first place, he starts at the wrong end of the rope. No amount of manoeuvring in verse will ever make up for the absence of all subject-matter, and the poetaster is so anxious to manoeuvre that, down to the end of his career, he goes on attitudinizing instead of thinking. After long and laborious practice he teaches himself, like Blondin, to wheel his literary wheelbarrow on a tight-rope over the heads of his audience. But a literary wheelbarrow is not of much use as long as it has got nothing in it except dewy showers and autumn flowers and moonlit bowers. Wheeling a whole cargo of them safely over from the beginning of a poem to the end is a poor occupation for a long life, and brings little credit or emolument to the performer. Considering the rush that there is upon versification in the present age, it appears marvellous how very little substantial work is done. The only parallel is the case of modern sermons. In theory, parsons ought never to want matter for a sermon. The vicissitudes and varieties of life are infinite, human character is full of lights and shadows, and the topics with which religion might deal are as illimitable as the universe. In the presence of all this field for reflection and observation, it seems almost a miracle that sermons should be uniformly monotonous, dreary, and poverty-stricken. The same kind of mental and moral atrophy that attacks men who write sermons appears also to prey upon men who take to poetry making. How rational human beings can go on for years at either occupation without ever stumbling up against a really good thing to say is purely unaccountable. The only explanation at all conceivable is that they are so busy over the process of boiling their thoughts that they end by forgetting that they ought to have thoughts, in the first instance, to put in the pot. It is possible that in the present day men think less than they used to do. They live more in a crowd, and are less alone. Even education is conducted in a hurry and a bustle, almost at railway speed. It is no longer a necessary part of intellectual training that a gentleman should have meditated as well as studied, and should have lived, if one may use the expression, in the society of great authors as well as have galloped through some of their most notorious works. The proper penalty to inflict on authors of bad sermons and bad verses would be to transport them for a couple of years to solitary confinement in a country-house in the vicinity of a first-rate library. They would emerge from the salutary discipline wiser and less fluent men. We should have fewer new poems, and shorter sermons, but the world would not lose by the change a quarter of what the reformed and repentant criminals would gain.

It is not a little singular that the poetasters who have so few ideas do not really succeed in the rhythmical efforts to which they devote their exclusive attention. Great rhythmical poems seem to be dying out of the land. There are probably none in existence except Mr. Tennyson and Mr. Browning. The truth is that the same want of intellectual tension which prevents the donkey-rider on Parnassus from being instructive or edifying also prevents him from being thoroughly successful in the musical and mechanical part of his work. He can make rhymes if he cannot make ideas; but the rhymes he makes are, in general, rhymes and nothing more. Very few poets are born complete masters of

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rhythm. There is such a thing as a natural ear for it, as there is such a thing as a natural genius for music; but both require an equal amount of laborious cultivation. "It is by slow degrees, and probably with much care and after a series of literary infanticides, that Mr. Tennyson has made himself a consummate lyrical performer. His earliest published poems are removed by a long interval from the more perfect melody which his later productions often display. What began only in imperfect promise has ended, in his case, with successful performance. Taste and melodious diction come to no man in his cradle. Horace himself, who boasts that the Muses visited him in his childhood, is careful to disavow all claim to the facility of Lucilius; and the genius which begins in facility, like all other genius, will not get far upon its journey without much trouble and self-culture. As the poetasters of the age neither display thought nor cultivation, the question naturally occurs, what on earth is the good of them? The answer is that, after all, they may as well be bad poets as bad at anything else. The deficiency of vigour, of intellectual substance, and of patient cultivation which makes them worthless in literature, would make them equally unavailable in other walks of life. They may as well write feeble poems as fail in business, or remain to the end of their lives weedy barristers or indifferent picture-painters. They do less harm to the world as they are, and, though they are a nuisance and an annoyance, no one who cares for the welfare of his fellow-creatures would wish to see the donkey-riders on Parnassus take to donkey-riding in the Church, or in commerce, or in Parliament. As they have been born into the world, they must stand somewhere, and they may as well take up their position in the monthly magazines and on the dusty shelves of publishers.

THE BRITISH EMPIRE.

A SECOND reading of Mr. Bryce's *Holy Roman Empire*, consequent on the appearance of the second edition, has suggested a train of thought which naturally arises from some passages of his book. Mr. Bryce barely glances—and for his purpose it was hardly needful to do more than glance—at one subject which is curiously cognate with his own. We mean the existence of a sort of Empire in our own island, a sort of shadow or imitation of the genuine Empire, which has almost passed out of the memory of ordinary readers. We habitually talk of the British "Empire" and the "Imperial" Parliament, without attaching any special meaning to the words. The former is a mere convenient phrase; the latter is a formal designation. It means the Parliament of the United Kingdom, as distinguished alike from the Colonial Legislatures and from the former separate Parliaments of England, Scotland, and Ireland. When the name was introduced there was still a real Emperor in being; but it is not likely that the word was chosen in order to exclude any claim of superiority on the part of Francis the Second over the dominions of King George the Third. But when we go back to the sixteenth century, we find Archbishop Heath declaring Elizabeth to be "our King and Queen, our Emperor and Empress"; we find Elizabeth's herald proclaiming her as "most worthy Empress from the Orcade Isles to the mountains Pyrene"; we find Henry the Eighth's Parliament solemnly setting forth in the Statute of Appeals, "Whereas by divers sundry old authentic histories and chronicles it is manifestly declared and expressed that this realm of England is an Empire, and so hath been accepted in the world, governed by one supreme head and King, having the dignity and royal estate of the *Imperial Crown* of the same." Mr. Froude transcribes the words without commenting on them, perhaps without fully understanding them; but we may be quite sure that they did not find their way into the statute without a purpose. In the days of Charles the Fifth things were somewhat different from what they were in the days of Francis the Second. When such a preamble introduces a distinct and earnest assertion of the independence of England and her King as against "any foreign prince or potentate of the world," we can hardly doubt that, though the main object of the statute was to exclude the practical pretensions of the Roman Pontiff, it was also thought worth while to shut out at the same time any possible pretensions of the Roman Caesar. Going back rather more than a hundred years, we find a King of the Romans, before he is allowed to land in England, solemnly required to abjure all claims to jurisdiction within the Kingdom. And we must remember, when England is so solemnly abjuring all foreign authority, that, if one King of England had done homage to a Pope, another King of England had done homage to an Emperor. To get rid of the Pope's claims *in esse* was the great thing, but it was as well to get rid by the same stroke of the Emperor's claims *in posse*. And we suspect that there was another reason too. The Empire of Queen Elizabeth was, as we have seen, bounded by the Orcade Isles. Those isles formed no part of it; they were a lawful part of the Kingdom of Norway, of which the Queen of Scots had only a possession which might be legally ended at any moment. But the Kingdom of Scotland itself was undoubtedly, in the geography of Elizabeth's heralds, a part of Elizabeth's Empire. We suspect that every assertion of the Imperial character of the English Crown was meant, not only to assert the independence of England upon Rome or Germany, but quite as much to assert the dependence of Scotland upon the crown of England.

Such a claim, as regarded Scotland, was, in the sixteenth century, undoubtedly unjust. The Commendation of 924 had been

set aside by the renunciation of 1328, and King James was as truly an independent sovereign as King Henry. But the old claim of superiority, though formally laid aside, had never been quite forgotten. No Stuart King had ever done homage, but there had been moments when it had been hinted that homage would have been the right thing for a Stuart King to do. The adoption of the Imperial style expressed a hope one way and a fear the other. The hope was certainly unjust; the fear was probably chimerical, though in the hands of Charles the Fifth the Roman Empire was not a thing to be wholly despised. What if Philip had inherited all the dignities of his father, and if it had been not only the Castle and the Lion, but the two-headed Eagle which threatened our shores? The old homage of Richard, the vague claim to universal dominion, might in such a case have taken a very practical form, which it was no more than prudence to provide against beforehand.

The fact is that the insular position and the peculiar history of England put our country in a special position with regard to the Empire. Britain was the only country of Western Europe which had never—unless in the momentary humiliation of Richard—owned any subjection to the renovated Roman Empire. We might indeed add Norway and Sweden, but Norway and Sweden did not become Christian till after the *Renovatio Imperii*. At the beginning of the ninth century the British Islands stood alone among Christian countries in having no connection with either the Eastern or the Western Empire. There are indeed vague stories which seem to point to some indefinite submission to Charles the Great on the part of some of the Northumbrians, and also of the Scots, whether the Scots of Britain or of Ireland or both. But these stories are by no means so certain as the fact that Charles corresponded with Offa of Mercia on terms of equality. We may safely say that Britain, as a whole, was perfectly independent of the Empire, and that any acts of homage which Charles received from any of its inhabitants, whether Teutonic or Celtic, were alike merely nominal and merely temporary. Charles had a most important influence on British affairs, but it was an influence wholly indirect. He did not make Britain a portion of his Empire, but his example suggested to a banished English prince the idea of turning his own island into a humbler but independent Empire of his own.

We made a cursory mention of this subject a little time back, when reviewing Mr. Thorpe's collection of Charters, as it is mainly in the Charters that the Imperial character of the Old-English royalty comes out. We pointed out the Imperial titles assumed by our Kings—not only *Basileus*, which is capable of another explanation, but the more distinct *Imperator*, which in some cases even swells into *Imperator Augustus*. We expressed our belief that in all this there was no uninterrupted tradition handed on from the days of Roman domination in Britain, but that the Imperial style was adopted in imitation of the Byzantine and Teutonic Emperors. The analogy between the position of the English Kings in their own island and that of the Emperors on the Continent was so striking that it is no wonder that the feeling found the expression which it did in the language of their charters. Of course other feelings came in too; a mere love of sounding titles, a mere wish not to seem inferior to princes with whom they were so closely connected as with the Saxon Emperors, both had something to do with it. But we may be sure that, when an English King called himself "Imperator Augustus," he did it with a distinct feeling that his position was in some way analogous to that of the prince to whom those titles really belonged.

The importance of this aspect of the Old-English royalty has been somewhat obscured, owing to one most learned and ingenious inquirer having made too much of it. Sir Francis Palgrave is entitled to the great and lasting honour of showing that the Roman Empire and its influence did not end in 476, but was continued throughout the middle ages. By so doing he simply put the key to the true knowledge of mediæval history into the hands of Mr. Bryce and of every one else who has helped to spread abroad correct views on the subject. But there can be no doubt that in some points of detail Sir Francis rode his hobby too hard. His notion of a continuation of the Imperial sway in Britain, beginning with the "Tyrants" or provincial Emperors of whom Britain was so fruitful, carried on through the mysterious Aurelius Ambrosianus, and thence transferred in some still more mysterious way to the South-Saxon Ælla, and from him to all the other English *Bretwaldan*, *Basileis*, and *Imperatores*—all this is a theory which certainly will not stand examination. Mr. Kemble rightly rejected it; but unluckily he simply rejected it, without giving us anything in its stead, and he thereby left several pieces of history without explanation. It was easy to show that the *Bretwaldadom* was not a continuation of the Empire of Carausius and Maximus. It was easy to show that the name of *Bretwalda* itself was most likely a mistake, that the true form was most likely *Brytenwealda*, and that *Brytenwealda* might just as well mean simply "wide ruler," as "ruler of Britons." But what then? Whether *Bretwalda* or *Brytenwealda*, whether "wide ruler" or "ruler of Britons," the passages in Bede and the Chronicles, though they certainly did not mean what Sir Francis Palgrave took them to mean, must still certainly mean something, and Mr. Kemble did not clearly show what they did mean. They both distinctly assert that certain English Kings did obtain a certain, though probably very indefinite, supremacy over their fellows. The Chronicles also give us *Bretwalda* or *Brytenwealda*, whichever it is to be, as the proper title to express this supremacy. The title moreover does

occur once, though we believe only once, in a Charter of Æthelstan, the prince under whom the Imperial style begins to show itself, though as yet by no means in all its full-blown magnificence. This at once connects the earlier Bretwaldadom with the later Empire, and may justify us in looking on Bretwalda or Brytenwealda as the English equivalent of *Basileus, Imperator*, and the like. It is something to find that those words have an English equivalent, but it is also something to remark how rare that equivalent is. The Imperial style and character of the monarchy made no impression on the mind of the people. No word derived from *Imperator* or *Cæsar* ever permanently found its way into the English language. In one single charter of Eadred we find the words "*Cyning and Cæser totius Britanniæ*"; but otherwise, even in charters, men, in writing English, stuck to the simple *King* of their fathers, and that title, with its Latin and French equivalents, survived all the rest.

We conceive the state of the case to be something like this. Egberht, the guest and pupil of Charles, conceived the idea of imitating Charles in his own island. And very successfully he did imitate him. The eighth Bretwalda established his power in different degrees from the English Channel to the Forth, and he left his power to those who came after him. He incorporated Kent, Essex, Sussex; he reduced East-Anglia, Mercia, Northumberland, Wales, and Cornwall to vassalage; Strathclyde and Scotland remained independent. Then came the Danish invasion, which seemed to shiver to pieces the dominion which he had formed, but which really welded it more closely together. The Kingdoms of East-Anglia, Mercia, and Northumberland were utterly broken up, and the old dynasties perished. Alfred had to surrender all, except part of Mercia, to Danish rulers, but he continued to preserve a shadow of superiority over them. Eadward, Æthelstan, Eadmund, Eadred, gradually built up again the Empire of Egberht on a surer footing. They had constant fightings with the Danes in the island, but now the English inhabitants under the Danish yoke everywhere welcomed them as deliverers. They thus united all the Teutonic states of Britain into one English Kingdom. But they did more. "All the Celtic princes, of Wales, Scotland, and Strathclyde, chose Eadward to father and to lord"—the most magnificent case of *commendation* on record. It was a distinct and voluntary commendation on the part of princes, some of them hitherto quite independent, to a powerful neighbour. We cannot doubt that the motive to such an act was, partly fear of Eadward's own power, partly an acknowledgment of his position as champion of all the Christian states in the island against the heathen invaders. Thus began the vassalage of Scotland, which, after the attempt to throw it off which was crushed at Brunanburh, was quietly submitted to for some generations. And now began the Imperial position of the English Crown. Britain, cut off from the affairs of the Continent, unaffected by its revolutions, owing no allegiance to either of its Emperors, was like another world. Long afterwards the Archbishop of Canterbury was called "*Alterius orbis Papa*," and the King of the English, owning no earthly superior, but with a crowd of vassal Kings and powerful Earls around him, might well deem himself to be "*Alterius orbis Imperator*." Now come in those Imperial titles which express alike the independence of England on Rome or Germany and the dependence of Scotland, Strathclyde, and Wales upon England. Their general use did not survive the Norman Conquest. The Norman and Angevin Kings in no way gave up one tithe of the claims of their predecessors, but the Imperial dominion in Britain was not their first object. Continental aggrandizement was their first wish; the possession of England was only a means to an end. The Imperial idea therefore died out, but it is clear that it was not wholly forgotten in the sixteenth century. The "old authors, historians, and chroniclers" found more readers just at that date than they had found for a good while before, and this sudden burst of Imperial feeling may not have been unconnected with the revived study of our early history. Anyhow we may be sure that any English King who, either in the tenth century or in the sixteenth, thought fit to call himself Emperor or his Kingdom an Empire, had a meaning in his words. They expressed both his own freedom from all dependence on any Continental potentate, and also the dependence of one or more insular potentates on him.

CROSSING RUBICONS.

IT is not at all surprising to find that Cæsar himself makes no mention of the scene on the banks of the Rubicon out of which subsequent chroniclers invented the famous legend. In all momentous enterprises, whether they are of national or only of private dimensions, men rather shirk the recognition of a final and decisive step than seek a dramatic excitement from the knowledge that the die is cast. They are scarcely likely to find any comfort in the reflection that they are just on the point of doing something which they will never on any conditions be able to undo. Probably even the most resolute disposition is glad to hide from itself the iron bonds which it has just forged. It is only a fool who can cross his Rubicon, either to enslave a people or to marry a wife, with a gleeful enjoyment of the consciousness that he is doing for himself, one way or another. It is all very well, on the stage or in novels, for a hero to march off to death or victory with an elated stride, and with a fine apophthegm on his lips, but in real life the tremendous significance of the alternative presents itself a great deal too forcibly and nakedly to allow of much of

this magnificent hilarity. To a cool outsider, the cry "Death or Victory," "Splendour or Ruin," has the sound and air of a very fine antithesis about it. For the combatant himself there is somewhat too much at stake to leave his mind quite free to appreciate the charming antithetical completeness of the two possible terminations of his undertaking. It is certainly pleasanter, from the dramatic point of view, to picture to oneself Julius Cæsar, amid the acclamations of his soldiers, dashing across the ford and crying "*Be the die cast*," than to think of that other Cæsar of more modern times sitting, on the corresponding occasion, pale, bloodless, and silent, gnawing his nails over the fire at the Elysée. But the last is the truer type of the behaviour of men at the decisive epochs of life—that is to say, provided they know that the epoch is decisive. Only it happens to most of us that we cross the Rubicon without any notion that it differs from all the other streams that encounter us in the journey. We are ignorant that the passage of this particular boundary commits us to a definite or hazardous course for the rest of our days. The die is thrown without anybody knowing it, and it is not till afterwards that one discovers which face came uppermost. But this is a commonplace. The most fifth-rate novelist in the world can expatiate upon it through endless pages of pathetic moralizings. "Ah, little did she know that he whose name she then heard for the first time, and whom she was that day about to meet, would have his fate inextricably bound up with her own sad destiny. O my friends, if we all only knew," and so on. Every other novel we read has something in this strain. Such pathos, easy and on the surface as it is, seldom fails of a certain effect. But there is no sort of depth in such a set of reflections, because they are only sentimental variations of the very obvious and not very practical truth that we cannot foresee the future, with the corollary that, if we could, we should most likely act differently from the way in which we act as it is. The fashion of growing tearful over any of the inexorable conditions of life, from death, the most inexorable of them all, downwards, engenders a state of feeling as little profitable as any that one can imagine. The relations between men and women are a very favourite field for these windy reflections. It certainly is rather sad and startling to think that you may possibly at the last croquet party have met a young lady who is destined to embitter the rest of your days, and bring your gray hairs in sorrow to the grave. But then anybody who habitually yielded to this cheerful tone of thought would either baffle his destiny by avoiding all young ladies, or else would anticipate its horrors in these preliminary apprehensions. The only practical good that can arise from observing how unconsciously we may take the most decisive steps for good or for evil is that it may teach us to cultivate such a general habit of wise thinking and wise acting as to lessen, and in some matters almost to destroy, the chances of being hurried across the fatal stream unawares. The worst of it is that even this is only a faint sort of protection, because the fact of somebody else having taken a decisive step is constantly just as weighty for you as if it had been your own doing. The Pompeians crossed no Rubicon, but Cæsar's doing so was fully as momentous to them as anything they could have done for themselves. It is very proper and elevating to believe that "Man is man and master of his fate." Practically this is by far the most important and the most worthy aspect of human action, and to lose sight of this as the greatest of all principles in its kind is to suffer a complete moral paralysis. Only, in surveying life, it is childish not to see that a man is not by any means the only master of his own fate. His father and mother, and all the generations before them, have something to do with it, and so have his children. The misery which befalls a mother who has been bereaved of her child is an element in her fate over which she can have no mastery, and so are ten thousand other things which must inevitably enter into the lot of a social being with any relation or dealings with his neighbours or the species at large. The certainty, however, that one may, and very often does, cross the Rubicon by proxy, or suffer the consequences of other people's exploits, is not a wholesome or useful thing to reflect upon. It is very apt to saddle a man with the snug but particularly unprofitable habit of letting himself off too lightly and easily, and anything which tends ever so remotely to diminish the sense of each man's strict responsibility for his own conduct is best kept in the background.

There is a great difference between unwillingness to think very much about the tremendous consequences which may follow upon having taken a decisive step, and an habitual unwillingness to take the step itself. The one implies merely a sober caution of mind; the other entails all the dire miseries of helpless irresolution. A not infrequent result of these miseries is to drive the sufferer into an opposite habit of over-quick resoluteness. A readiness in a man to exult in the fact that he has done something which he cannot undo, that he has pledged himself to a course from which he cannot draw back, is more commonly the sign of a weak than of a strong nature. The comfort of plunging right into the stream is unspeakable to anybody who has been accustomed to stand shivering and irresolute on the bank. When a person of this sort has brought himself to take the plunge, his exultation and fearlessness are wonderful. The knowledge that the Rubicon is crossed, and the die cast, seems to relieve him from the necessity of further resolution. He has set in motion a machine which will of itself wind off results and consequences for him without more ado on his own part; and this is an order of release from the demands of circumstance upon his will for which he

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cannot be too thankful. So he comes at last really to be fond of crossing Rubicons, and taking decisive measures, just because they are decisive. A good many people, we fancy, get married on this principle. They persuade themselves that marriage is a yoke, pleasant or otherwise, which they are destined one day to go under. But the labour of exercising a very careful and deliberate choice is more than they can bear; so they rush blindly across the stream, really relieved at being able to cry out "*Alea jacta est.*" In too many cases, this method may remind us of Mr. Micawber's exclamation when he had satisfied his creditor by a bill at three months—"There! thank God, that's paid!" It is not good, in the delightful sense of freedom after having done something decisive, to forget that rather grave part of the transaction—its consequences. The enormous relief of having decided somehow is perhaps too dearly bought if it should in time appear that the decision was the wrong one.

The same tendency to quick and resolute decisions, which may give relief to weak natures in one way, may in another way possess a very fatal attraction for strong natures too. A weak man will trust to a throw of the die as lief as anything else, because he has not force of character enough to compel his judgment to strike a balance between opposing considerations and bring out a clear practical conclusion. A strong man—strong in will and foresight, that is—may be equally tempted to trust almost to chance to fix his line of conduct for him. He may realize so clearly the thousand complexities which enter into every man's life, he may be so penetrated with a sense of the extraordinary way in which unforeseen circumstances arise to divert the channel which he would like to mark out, as to place comparatively small value on the most deliberate efforts of his own judgment to hit on the right courses. Or the point in his fortunes may be so critical that he loses his nerve, and thinks that drawing lots, or tossing up a coin, or the *sortes Virgilianæ*, will answer quite as well as any other means for finding out the best thing to be done. The Roman legend about Cæsar was that, in the midst of his hesitation, there suddenly appeared a comely and god-like youth playing on a pipe, until, suddenly throwing aside the pipe, he snatched a trumpet, and with a mighty warlike blast plunged into the waters of the Rubicon. The miraculous apparition filled the leader with an instant and vigorous resolution which plain reason had wholly failed to inspire. There is a great deal of figurative truth in this. People no longer believe that comely divinities appear to a man in a crisis of his fortunes, but the comely divinity is not without his counterpart. Things no less unreal occupy his place in critical moments. In marriage, for example, are not men and women constantly led to take the irrevocable step, not by the conclusions of reason and judgment, but because they are beckoned on by seemingly apparitions whom at the other side of the stream they see no more? And they do this consciously and deliberately, from some sort of superstition, it would seem, that a crisis in their affairs is so momentous a thing that at this, rather than other times, they ought to surrender their cool judgment to a spectre or a fancy.

Considering these and a hundred other infirmities of ordinary human character, it is not a little fortunate that there are so few opportunities for a man to take an irretrievably wrong turning. Everybody is pretty sure to miss his way more or less, but there are not so many turnings in life in which people can finally lose themselves beyond hope of recovery. The fatal turnings are there, unfortunately, in abundance, but with most of us education and tradition and surrounding example make it morally impossible that we should be deceived by them. It is perhaps startling to reflect how many people are honest, say, not on first principles, but simply through the influence of tradition. They have never gone further or deeper than the tradition, and have scarcely thought about the principles at all. The same may be said about a good many other virtues of old and established repute. And so, at a crisis in his life, a man's conduct is vastly influenced by the general views entertained about similarly critical junctures in the case of other people. Julius Cæsar crossed the Rubicon dramatically and heroically, but his soldiers crossed it like sheep. And this is the style in which the majority of us perform the same momentous exploit. We put confidence in Cæsar, or Mrs. Grundy, or whoever may be our favourite leader, and plunge in without much thought whether it is a Rubicon or a duckpond that lies in front of us. As ordinary life is commonplace from the very nature of things, perhaps the stereotyped way of getting over even the most ticklish places is as good as any other.

THE NEW PARLIAMENT.

THE seven weeks that have passed since the beginning of the Session have enabled the world to form some judgment on the merits of the new Parliament. Any such judgment must make allowance for the difficulties by which its early existence has been surrounded. A Parliament elected on no principle and to follow no special leader would, in point of organization, be little better than a mob. But the present House is scarcely in a more favourable position, for the cause it was selected to sustain, and the leader it was charged to follow, have both disappeared. Palmerston and non-democratic Liberalism were the ideas which may be said to have summed up the choice of the electors. One has vanished in the course of nature; the other has been expelled from the councils of the Government by the blandishments of Mr. Bright. It is some credit to a new House of Commons if, thus suddenly

bereft both of its leader and its principles, it has nevertheless comforted itself with tolerable decorum.

The first thing that strikes any political observer, after each dissolution, is wonder that the change in the component parts of the House should be so great, and yet the change of character and behaviour should be so small. It would be natural to expect that an assembly composed of new men to the extent of one-third of its whole number should to some extent find for itself new leaders, and display a different disposition in its mode of conducting business. It is astonishing how small the change actually is. The two hundred new men come into the House with an almost abject reverence for the institution which they have paid so heavily to join. They never venture to presume upon their number, or, on the strength of it, to set the older portion of the House at defiance. Each one of them is as shy as if he were the only new member in the assembly, and the six hundred and fifty-seven others were all aged veterans. The result is, that the apparent effect of so large an infusion of new blood is at first very much smaller than would be imagined. The new member, whatever his reputation outside the House may have been, or whatever his secret aspirations may be, ordinarily affects to be modest in his ambition and retiring in his tastes. He attends the House with a vigour rarely shown at a later period of his career, and gives up his dinner to sit out a Supply night with the same sort of relish as that with which a young ascetic tries on his new hair-shirt, or wields his "discipline" for the first time. Too soon this youthful enthusiasm will wear away, and he will cease to regard the loss of dinner as a light thing compared to the conscious dignity of pressing those august benches. But at first the new member is a most conscientious sinner, and is usually content for some little time with the happiness arising out of the untiring performance of that elementary duty. In the earlier weeks of a Session, therefore, the presence of the new members does not tell much on the debates. It is only indicated by the unusually good audiences enjoyed by the dullest speakers, and by the large divisions which small subjects are able to muster. After a few nights thus spent, the new members begin to feel their voices, chiefly in the inarticulate utterances peculiar to the House of Commons. They commonly begin with very strong opinions, far stronger than can possibly survive for many years in that cynical atmosphere. At the same time their modesty forbids them as yet to give rein to their oratory, and the combination of these two conditions of mind finds vent in incessant ejaculations. The consequence is that, during the opening weeks of a new Parliament, the House of Commons forms an attentive but at the same time a noisy audience. But this unseemly characteristic disappears as the young members with intense convictions gradually overcome their modesty, and take to expressing themselves less vehemently, but more articulately, upon their legs.

Of course there are exceptions to the rule of silence which new members impose upon themselves; and in the present House of Commons these exceptions have been singularly numerous. This is partly due, no doubt, to the exciting nature of the crisis through which political parties are passing; but also in some degree to the unusual number of men who have come in with reputations previously made. Of these a good many have spoken; but it can hardly be said that any of them have quite come up to the expectations that were formed of them, with the single exception of Mr. Coleridge. Probably he is the only one who has taken the trouble to give to the House of Commons the best that he could produce. His style was too ornate and too diffuse to be exactly to the taste of an assembly which has become callous to oratory, and cares more for a vigorous chain of thought than for the phrases with which it is decorated. But of the singular beauty of the style there could not be two opinions. The other three or four new members of reputation, whose first performance was much looked for, presented a strong contrast to Mr. Coleridge's success. They came in, apparently, with an adequate sense of their own importance, and a proper contempt for the benighted creatures whom they were condescending to enlighten; nor were they careful to conceal this depreciating comparison from those whom it concerned. The result was that they had to address an audience that was far from being prepossessed in their favour. But even a very friendly audience would have found it hard to assign a high rank to the first efforts of Mr. Mill, Mr. Hughes, and Professor Fawcett. Mr. Mill was probably misled into speaking too soon and too carelessly by the peans which his too eager admirers had been imprudent enough to raise over his approaching triumphs before the Session began. He evidently thought that it was honour enough for the House of Commons to hear such an oracle open its mouth at all. But as the mass of the House are but moderately skilled in philosophical literature, they judged entirely by what they heard; and the result was not happy for his reputation, so far as that assembly was concerned. If any new county member, innocent of the "Political Economy" or the "Logic," formed his estimate of the relative ability of the two members for Westminster from Mr. Mill's speech on the suspension of the Habeas Corpus Act in Ireland, and Mr. Grosvenor's speech on the Reform Bill, he could not have avoided the conclusion that Mr. Grosvenor was considerably the abler man of the two.

Upon the most important point of all, the new House of Commons has not yet had an opportunity of exhibiting itself. It is difficult as yet to guess what is the precise state of feeling in it towards the various party leaders, or what shade of political conviction is predominant. Religious questions are, by common

consent, treated as open questions on both sides; and the divisions upon them, therefore, afford no accurate indication either of the strength of any leader's following, or of the state of opinion upon secular questions. At present, indeed, the House of Commons is in the curious position with regard to these religious disputes, that the leader of it professes to agree more closely with the Opposition than with those who sustain him in power. The Cattle Plague division, again, can be taken as no test of the strength of opinions upon questions of more permanent interest. The middle of next month will decide the merits of the new House of Commons in this respect; and will determine whether it is as obedient to the party lash as the Secretaries of the Treasury could desire, or whether it contains any considerable body who are accessible to wider considerations. The divisions that have been already taken show that, upon ordinary occasions, Ministerial members have more inclination to stray from the Treasury standard than they had while Palmerston was alive. Whether this indifference extends to more vital questions remains to be seen. The approaching struggle will be instructive to the student of party government; for it will furnish him with some data for determining the question how much weight is due to personal popularity in the success of political combinations. Of statesmen who are beloved, and statesmen who are detested, it would be scarcely possible to find two more crucial instances than Lord Palmerston and Lord Russell; and the fact of the one having followed the other so closely will give an opportunity of judging of the effect of such a difference upon the numbers of a decisive division.

AMENITIES OF REFORM.

AN ingenuous witness before the Nottingham Election Committee "admitted that he had called Mr. Acland a scoundrel, but in Nottingham this was not considered abusive language, because it was true." A similar view as to the nature of abusive language, and the apology which may be made for it, appears to be finding supporters who might reasonably be expected to know better. Journalists and prominent members of Parliament do not, in a general way, adopt the Nottingham theory of bad language, or think it decent to call a political opponent a scoundrel "because it is true." Respectable people have hitherto rather had a weakness for not attributing all sorts and degrees of moral baseness to everybody who holds a different opinion from their own upon intellectual subjects. We may think a man thoroughly wrong in the conclusions to which his judgment has led him, but to make this a reason for calling him names which imply that he is a corrupt and black-hearted villain is not usual. Still, times change, and we are changed with them. Our notions expand, and what would have been thought highly indecent and unendurable in one age becomes a mark of earnestness and sincerity in the next. But the style in which certain writers think it becoming to talk about those who are so unhappy as to differ from them on the subject of Parliamentary Reform is not so much a growth of our own age as a recurrence to the practices of the past. Judge Jefferies, roaring and shrieking and bellowing at the wretched creatures who had to appear before him, seems to be the model whom these graceful journalists have set themselves in their little way to imitate. Like Judge Jefferies, too, they have their slobbering moods, and, like him, they are far more terrible in them than even in their most ferocious moments. Anybody with a spark of self-respect would very much prefer running the gauntlet of their abuse to running the gauntlet of their fulsome eulogy. One would a great deal rather be denounced every morning as a vile renegade, a returned Australian, a dirty conspirator, a logic-chopping scoundrel, an acrid fool, than be daubed over three or four times a week punctually with the praise of one's eloquence and sublime genius and stalwart form, and one's great, large, big, noble, English heart. Surely Mr. Disraeli himself must pity "William Ewart Gladstone" (it is a great mark of respect for large big hearts to speak of a man without the ordinary prefix, and to give him all his names), who awakes every morning with the leaden consciousness that he is pretty sure to find himself beplastered with the gushing adulations of the faithful sycophant. The tarring and feathering which is meant to be friendly is decidedly more stifling and vexatious than that which is meant to be the bitter punishment of enemies. But, for all this, people cannot help wondering how in these times, when some sort of respect for adversaries is considered a sign of a liberal spirit, it is impossible for any public man to take up a side of which the Liberal organs disapprove without the certainty that he will be browbeaten and bullied and reviled as the most wicked and shameless of mankind. Banter is always a fair weapon for inflicting discomfiture on an opponent, but, instead of banter, any Liberal who is not convinced that Earl Russell's Bill is the most perfect and unimpeachable measure that was ever laid before Parliament is covered with the most opprobrious and abusive epithets, or at least with epithets which would be considered abusive anywhere outside of Nottingham. The bad language which at least three of the most prominent daily journals in London have thrown at Earl Grosvenor is something incredible. He has stained the good name and sullied the high repute—we do not undertake to explain the difference between the two processes—of his ancient lineage. He is "the agent of the Tories." If he is not a patrician knave, he has at least all the besotted imbecility of patricians. He and any Liberal who supports his motion are guilty of matchless "effrontery"; they will be "eating their own words, and

giving the lie to their own professions." Such conduct indicates "an impaired sense of political, even of personal honour." He is the haughty foe of those whose labour secures him his income, and by whose forbearance he is allowed to retain his bloated possessions. He is a party to a "dirty conspiracy," "a shameful conspiracy," "a disgraceful conspiracy"—"a sordid with the dirt of selfishness, intrigue, and insincerity." If it were only the *Telegraph* or the *Star* that had been guilty of this truculent sort of Billingsgate, it would scarcely have been worth noticing. The abuse of experienced viragoes is not pleasant to listen to, but nobody minds it very much. It amuses them, and does not hurt other people. It implies a peculiar taste to have any relish for these fiery swearing matches, only one is not surprised to find them going on among the notorious scolds and termagants of Fleet Street. Every subject is treated in just the same way in those quarters. Heated abuse and maudlin eulogy are the substitutes for argument and reason, and whether it is Reform or anything else, you never get any variation in the fashion of handling current topics.

It would, however, be both surprising and painful to find a person whom you had been accustomed to respect and rather to look up to, breaking out into the vile and truculent lingo of the vixens of a court. To hear an esteemed grandmother or maiden-aunt, from whose lips you have gathered the lessons of wisdom, burst off into the dialect of the Haymarket would be as severe a shock as one can imagine. One has the same feeling when we find a journal which, as a rule, is so respectably conducted as the *Daily News*, vying with its profane and reckless juniors in the amount of mud which it throws at those Liberals who have ventured to doubt the entire expediency of passing the Franchise Bill. As a rule, that journal has been honourably distinguished by the temperateness and dignity with which it has advocated its own views and discussed those of its adversaries. However, we know the truth of the maxim, *Corruptio optimi pessima*. The most temperate and thoughtful of journals no sooner gets the least out of the usual groove than it runs into an excess of ferocious violence which defies the rivalry of those journals which have been habitually ferocious and violent all their lives. It is there that a disapproval of a project which, whether truly or not, appears to many Liberals to be the least satisfactory way possible of settling Reform, is declared to indicate an impaired sense of personal honour. Some years ago Mr. Mill was an advocate for secret voting. He has changed his mind, and no longer thinks secret voting desirable. Does this show an impaired sense of personal honour? A Liberal member may have thought Reform desirable once, and may think so no longer, or he may still think Reform desirable and yet hold the present measure to be in the wrong direction. Is it fair or decent, even in the paroxysms of political passion, to describe a position of this kind as a piece of personally dishonourable conduct? The same writer, or at least a writer in the same journal, after calling Earl Grosvenor's motion a dishonest motion, goes on to say that "if the authorship be correctly attributed to Mr. Disraeli, this duplicity is not to be wondered at." Mr. Disraeli is not, in the opinion of the majority, a type of the best kind of English statesmen; but this cool implication of habitual dishonesty and double-dealing is a licentious way of talking of public men which we had hoped was confined to the very lowest portions of the press of the United States. As for the abuse which has been thrown at Mr. Lowe, both Mr. Pott and Mr. Slurk might have envied the elaborate fluency of his journalistic cursers. Renegade, apostate, traitor, deserter, have become commonplace when applied to him. A day or two since he was "a redoubtable rogue-elephant"—and all this not in the more cheerfully vulgar organs of "liberal" opinion, but in one where we have hitherto looked, and not in vain, for genuine self-respect.

Much more objectionable than mere insolence and vulgarity in talking of political opponents, is the truculence of deliberately asserting that the possession of superior physical force is the key to the political position. "Can we look facts in the face," says the *Daily News*, "without recognising that in actual truth the masses are the real depositories of power? When it comes to actual dispute, in which both sides are determined, there is, and can be, no arbiter in the world save physical force." Again, "the 500 members of the House of Commons could not for an hour refuse to perform the behests of the 500,000 working-men in London, if these should be resolute in making their unanimous demand heard from the precincts of New Palace Yard." A little further on we get the theory of representative government put with extraordinary tenderness and felicity. "What, then," we are asked, "is the actual power remaining in the House and its constituencies? Plainly no more than such as the great outside nation chooses to allow—liberty to decide on matters in which the national mind does not greatly interest itself, the power of details and adjustments of money votes, of amendments in matters of administration." Of course the moral of all this is evident. All legislation is to be done under the lash. Physical force is the arbiter of all things, and if you don't pass the Reform Bill you will have an army of working-men in New Palace Yard ready to break the head of every member who votes against it. One does not know what to admire most about this truly marvellous argument—whether its theoretical soundness, or the probability of its being carried out, or its efficacy if it were carried out. Is it expedient that brute force should control reason? Is it likely that the men of reason will do what they think mischievous because they will get a licking if they do

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not? It is a comfort to think that talk of this kind, which would be atrocious if it were not too silly, has not been seen in an English newspaper for at least thirty years.

One knows the sort of excuse which men make to themselves for this graceful treatment of those who hold opposite views to their own. If you are in earnest, they say, you have not time or patience for the insincere courtesies of diplomatists. Still, abstinence from insincere courtesies scarcely involves as of necessity the use of gross and foul invective. You may show a man that he has taken the wrong view, and that, if his view were to win the day, such and such evils would inevitably follow. But this can be done a great deal better without calling him a renegade and an apostate and a traitor and a redoubtable rogue-elephant. You may prove that an opponent of the Government Bill is doing an injury to the political progress of the country by voting against it. But this is quite different from asking him, with your fist in his face, how he dare vote against the Bill when there are costermongers enough in the New Cut to pound him to a mummy in five minutes. There can scarcely be a stranger fallacy than that you can only demonstrate the soundness and sincerity of your own opinions by the brutality with which you asperse those who think differently, or menace them with corporal punishment, which is what the *Daily News* argument comes to. It is difficult enough for sincere Liberals to make up their minds about the Bill, without being drawn away from a calm consideration of the question, and revolted by the scandalous personal abuse which is lavished all round by some of its most prominent supporters, from Mr. Bright and his "dirty conspiracy" downwards to his imitators in the press.

RAILWAY DEPOSITS AND STANDING ORDERS.

LORD REDESDALE, whose ability and zeal for the public interest entitle his judgment to respectful consideration, has given notice of his intention to propose some unusually important changes in the Standing Orders of the House of Lords. The speech in which he explained his reasons was replete with accurate information, and yet it may be doubted whether his object is consistent with sound economical principles. In a few words, it may be said that Lord Redesdale proposes to arrest the further construction of railways, except in cases where great existing Companies find it their interest to make new branches. Imperfectly instructed writers always approve of every measure which seems likely to be distasteful to any class of persons connected with railways. Popular cant imputes to directors habitual mismanagement of the property of shareholders, who, again, are denounced in their corporate capacity as enemies and oppressors of the community at large. For many months the *Times* has urged the expediency of allowing any projector, with the consent of landowners, to construct a railway without the need of Parliamentary sanction, and notwithstanding any injury which may be inflicted on existing Companies. It is apparently the same writer who applauds Lord Redesdale's scheme of conferring an absolute monopoly on the great Companies, by rendering it impossible for independent speculators to establish any future competition. The conditions of railway enterprise are systematically misrepresented and misunderstood, because special periodicals assume that all readers are familiar with practical questions, while more ambitious journals dispense with knowledge or study of a subject which seems to lend itself easily to declamation and banter. The safety and productiveness, on the one hand, of four hundred millions of capital, and, on the other hand, the development of internal trade and the increase in the value of land, are perhaps not less deserving of grave consideration than the possibility that Spain should become honest, or that Greece should emerge into solvency. Lord Redesdale proposes an effectual security to shareholders against the risk of competition; but it will be the duty of the House of Lords to inquire how far the public interest admits of a course which may involve the exclusion of many districts from the benefit of railway communication. Lord Redesdale's secondary object of protecting capitalists from losses occasioned by imprudent calculation is certainly not a fit matter for legislation. Parliament has no power of preventing bankruptcies in any branch of trade except by the prohibition of legitimate enterprise. The unfortunate contractors whose failure Lord Redesdale regretted would not have thanked him for a measure which would have prevented them from making the fortunes which, from unexpected pressure in the money-market, they have afterwards lost. As it happens incidentally that in the pursuit of their own interest they have been great public benefactors, their creditors and themselves alone have cause to regret the rashness of which, as voluntary investors, they have no right to complain.

Lord Redesdale's remedy for the supposed evil of imprudent speculation is a change in the rules of deposit. As he explained to the House of Lords, capital was formerly provided for railway construction by the issue of shares, and Parliamentary Committees required the production of the subscription contract as evidence that the requisite amount of money would be forthcoming. The railway mania of 1845, and the subsequent collapse, caused a difficulty or impossibility of issuing shares which has never since been removed. Experience has shown that before a railway becomes profitable the shares almost invariably sink below par, and therefore no prudent capitalist, unless he is otherwise interested in the construction of the line, will accept an original allotment at the

nominal value. The embarrassment was surmounted, after the usual English fashion, by turning the subscription contract into a fiction. Persons who had not the smallest intention of holding shares subscribed for hundreds of thousands of pounds to engagements which, according to a distinct understanding with the real promoters, were never to be enforced. The only practical evil of the system was the absence of any certainty that a railway would be made when the Act for constructing it had been obtained; but in the great majority of cases, as the capital was ultimately provided, it was wholly immaterial that an illusory security had been in the first instance accepted by Parliament. Having found it impossible to obtain genuine subscription contracts, the House of Commons some years ago substituted the more effectual contrivance of deposits. Promoters of Railway Bills are compelled to lodge in the Court of Chancery eight per cent. on the estimated cost of the undertaking, and, if the Act receives the Royal Assent, the money is impounded until half the capital has been actually expended. Under the new arrangement the completion of authorized lines has been sufficiently secured, and, amongst other projectors, the contractor to whom Lord Redesdale referred has covered with useful lines a large tract of country which had before been a melancholy blank on Bradshaw's map. As in all other money transactions, the new system, like the old, was re-adjusted in practice until it rested on its true centre of gravity, or of convenience and cheapness. Through the operation of the same law which enforces division of labour in all departments of industry, railway projectors, like merchants and manufacturers, rely almost exclusively on credit. It is the business of cotton-spinners to spin cotton, of railway-constructors to make railways, and of money-dealers to deal in money; and it is surprising that an acute man of business should utter Lord Redesdale's complaint that the deposits are invariably borrowed by promoters. A man who has credit to raise 20,000*l.* is as fully entitled to profit by the advantage as a competitor who has an equal sum in his pocket. If the authors of the Standing Orders thought that promoters were likely to have eight per cent. of their estimates at their bankers', they showed an ignorance of commercial affairs which was as surprising as it was harmless.

The particular grievance which Lord Redesdale alleges has been fully considered by the House of Commons, and, after some hesitation, it has been dismissed as a fallacy. The demand for advances to provide railway deposits led capitalists to invent a new form of security which presented at first sight an appearance of irregularity. It became the custom to require from the promoters an undertaking to employ the same solicitor during the progress of the Bill, and the solicitor personally promised the lender that he would not take the Bill through its final stage until the amount of the deposit was either repaid or satisfactorily secured. The promoters, having obtained the virtual sanction of Parliament, find it possible to replace the deposit, generally through the aid of the contractor for the line. The Court of Chancery keeps a tight hold on the money entrusted to its custody, but any change in the ownership of the deposit involves no public interest whatever. Lord Redesdale is only verbally accurate in his statement that "the deposit will be found now in no instance to form part of the capital for the construction of the line. The deposit is money borrowed merely for the purpose of meeting the requirements of Parliament, and it is a test only of the respectability or credit of one person or so connected with the scheme." It is difficult to understand what more Parliament could want, or why twenty thousand pounds' worth of credit and respectability should be more valuable if it were possessed by two hundred persons instead of one. It is of course true that the deposit is borrowed to meet the requirements of Parliament, and that the person of the lender is generally changed between the introduction of the Bill and the release of the deposit by the partial construction of the line. Money, however, whether in the Accountant-General's balance at the Bank of England or in the form of a five-pound note, is never ear-marked. The exact amount of the original deposit is available, and is actually used, for the completion of the authorized line; and if the promoters are unable or unwilling to fulfil their contract with Parliament, they forfeit the entire sum to the Crown. The high rate of interest which they are compelled to pay, and the onerous engagements of one class of shareholders to another, are, with all due respect to Lord Redesdale, no concern of the House of Lords or of its upright and indefatigable Chairman of Committees. The objections which were raised in the House of Commons to the practice in the matter of deposits related only to the interval between the introduction of the Bill and the Royal Assent. It was urged by opponents in several cases that while Parliament looked to the promoters, the solicitor, as agent for a special purpose of the lender, possessed absolute control over the Bill. The argument was technically unanswerable, and the Standing Order Committee on two or three occasions advised the House to reject the Bills in which the charge had been brought home to the promoters. A proposal, however, of Mr. Scourfield's to provide securities against fictitious deposits failed to obtain the sanction of the House, and in 1865 several Select Committees expressed their disapprobation of a mode of opposition which had sometimes proved fatal to useful projects, while it bore no relation whatever to their merits. Lord Redesdale's doctrine, that the deposits were not available for the line because they would be the subject-matter of a new loan, was never suggested either to a Select Committee or to the House of Commons.

The question of deposits is closely connected with the allegation that shareholders are at the mercy of contractors. No railway will ever be made if no person has a motive for making it; and the profit which tempts contractors to engage in new projects is part of the legitimate price of the undertaking. As Lord Redesdale explained, landowners and local traders who provide five or ten per cent. of the capital for a line which they require seldom see the principal or interest of their money again; but they know, or ought to know, what they are about, and in most cases they make an excellent bargain, by obtaining at small cost increased facilities of transit and additional value conferred on their land and produce. The contractor does the rest, and, as the maximum rates and fares are fixed by Parliament, he is fairly entitled to the eventual profit of a costly speculation. It is in this manner that some of the most useful lines in the kingdom have been constructed, and the prohibition of the system would place the rest of the country absolutely at the mercy of half a dozen Companies. The hardships to landowners are, in nineteen cases out of twenty, imaginary, and when they occur they are infinitesimally small in comparison with the evil of exclusion from railway accommodation. Select Committees well know the unanimity with which the inhabitants of an unprovided district demand the construction of a line which some demigod of a contractor has unexpectedly offered to give them. It is true that, before a Bill is passed, the Company to be incorporated is a creature of the imagination; but it will be well to remember that the idea afterwards becomes concrete and real. Two or three years ago the inner circle of metropolitan railways was sanctioned by a joint Committee of both Houses, and by a Select Committee of Chairmen, under the presidency of Lord Stanley; and it is expected to be an extraordinarily profitable undertaking. The Earl of Devon is Chairman of the Company, and there are numerous and solvent shareholders; but when the Bill was introduced, there was no Company whatever, and the deposit was undoubtedly borrowed on the usual terms. Mr. Fowler's high level bridge over the Severn, which was urgently demanded by the Welsh coal-owners, was projected under the usual conditions. A scheme propounded by the same eminent engineer, for a line under the Mersey, was last year rejected, to the general regret, on the technical ground of an objection to the deposit. The hardship inflicted on existing Companies by the supposed necessity of buying up contractors' lines can only exist when they are competing with one another. The rapid progress of amalgamations, which have, as Lord Redesdale truly says, been too carelessly granted, is one of several methods by which Companies can effectually resist the pressure of independent projectors. The treaty which was signed two years ago by the London and North-Western, the Great Western, and the Midland Companies, has shut half of England up from at least undue competition; and the adoption of Lord Redesdale's measures would establish and perpetuate a complete monopoly. The case of the railway from Uttoxeter, quoted by Lord Redesdale, was one of exceptional and extravagant injustice, for the promoters could only anticipate a return for their outlay by obtaining running powers at arbitration rates over the property of existing Companies. Parliament made a flagrant mistake in conceding the demand, and the precedent has seldom been followed. The entire system of compulsory arbitration rates is in the nature of confiscation, and Lord Redesdale would perform a great service to shareholders by watching with increased vigilance all attempts to balance rash speculation by piratical adventure.

THE UNIVERSITY BOAT-RACE.

A LARGE part of the world, notwithstanding the recent spread of information, is still in considerable darkness as to the merits of rowing. Few people appreciate the causes of its superiority to other athletic amusements. They do not understand why victory in the University boat-race would, in the eyes of undergraduates, be cheaply bought with defeat in all other contests. The President of the Boat-club who wins a race is like the Prime Minister who carries a Reform Bill. The matches in running, or in rackets, or even the cricket-match, may be lost; they are of no more account than defeats in Church-rate or Bankruptcy Bills; the year is not to be marked with a black stone on their account. But if there were a central body for the management of all athletic pursuits, it could not retain office for a week after bringing out a bad University boat; universal indignation would demand its immediate dismissal. Without going into the various causes of this sentiment, one cause is the amount of virtue which is indicated by a successful rowing administration. A President of the Boat-club should be not only pure from all favoritism and unjust prejudices, he should be above the suspicion of entertaining them; he should be free from vacillation and should be indomitably hopeful, or should, which is harder, simulate indomitable hopefulness; he should devote himself to his task as Wellington devoted himself to the task of disciplining the British army in Spain. No secondary objects, no weak backslidings towards reading or convivial enjoyment, should for one moment shake the settled purpose of his soul. From October to April the success of his crew should be his thought by day and his dream by night. He should not grudge a month's careful observation to deciding fairly between two rival claimants to a seat in his boat; and he should neglect no troublesome experiment which might possibly lead to raising an outrigger or

altering a seat. Amidst all the trials which assault his patience he should never lose his temper for a moment, nor ever give way to an impulse of weak good-nature. He should make his rule at once absolute and cheerfully accepted; his men should be at once afraid of him and proud of him; they should catch the contagion of his zeal, and anticipate his demands by their own eagerness. There are times when this is comparatively easy. When there is a general confidence of success, when there is a preconceived opinion that everything done by the authorities is right, it is still difficult, but not unreasonably difficult, to be a leader. All troubles are smoothed away, and the President of the Boat-club enjoys a prestige which makes his most trifling hints an inexorable law. But the case is sometimes widely different. After a long series of defeats, such as those to which Cambridge has been lately subject, the material to be worked upon becomes restive. Every little wound to the vanity of men or of colleges tends to fester. Instead of unreasoning obedience, there is an incessant succession of grumbling. That most troublesome race of men, people with a talent for inventing excuses, find their ingenuity multiplied tenfold. The prestige of command disappears. One man won't row in what is set down beforehand as a losing boat, because he has suddenly discovered that training spoils his digestive faculties; another finds that he can win glory on easier terms by running or by rackets; another invents an unreasonable parent; and perhaps some abandoned undergraduate discovers that lecturers and examiners have paramount claims upon his time. It is true that the public opinion of the University condemns these deserters with an energy proportioned to their want of patriotism; they are groaned upon degree-days, and privately anathematized at a thousand wine parties and suppers. But, for all that, skulking and malingering increase to a frightful extent, till perhaps the mere want of faith in success makes success hopeless; and the unlucky President is condemned because he could not make a "silk purse out of a sow's ear," or, in other words, turn out a good crew from a set of half-hearted deserters. It is well if he can imitate Nelson's example in spite of discouragement, and, at the lowest ebb of fortune, see a bright light of success constantly presented to his mind's eye.

We do not know how far this description is applicable in detail to the state of things against which Mr. Kinglake, and his coadjutor, Mr. Stevenson, have lately had to struggle. But, unless human nature has changed within a short time amongst Cambridge undergraduates, we are pretty sure that it cannot be materially incorrect. We have little doubt that the Cambridge men began their task against a strong current of disparaging prophecy, that every step they took was severely criticized, and that they were most of all perplexed by the want of zeal in some who would have been their most earnest supporters in different circumstances. Therefore, whilst we congratulate Oxford upon their new victory, we cannot help sympathizing more warmly with gentlemen who, under weighty discouragements, persevered so gallantly and came so near success. The Oxford authorities had a comparatively easy duty to discharge, and discharged it admirably. The severest strain fell this time upon the energies of their unsuccessful competitors; and we can only hope that, although they have been unable to be the Wellingtons of their generation, and to bring back victory after a season of uninterrupted defeat, they may turn out to have been the Sir John Moores who disciplined their troops until victory became possible to their successors. Perfectly impartial observers, who are anxious only for the interests of rowing at the Universities, must hope that Cambridge may soon be gratified with an actual victory; for to lose incessantly is good for no one, and the next worst thing is to win incessantly. A turn of the tables would do almost as much service, after a time, to the victors as to the defeated. Meanwhile, the defeat which Cambridge suffered last week was as little humiliating as possible. The race strongly resembled that of last year, but with much less difference between the merits of the contending crews. We only remember, indeed, to have seen one University race upon the Thames in which the scales of victory were longer and more equally balanced. In 1856, neither boat was ever quite clear of its adversary, and each held the lead alternately throughout nearly the whole of the course. But since that day no contest has led to anything like the same excitement. The ideal boat-race would be one in which victory should be doubtful up to the very last stroke; but no one can complain of such an approximation as a race over the Putney course in which the event might still be disputable at Barnes Bridge. The imperfection of all things human will allow us to anticipate very few periods of twenty-five minutes crowded with so much interest. Between this race and such apologies for races as took place in the years from 1861 to 1864, the difference is infinite, even for the defeated. During that gloomy period Oxford and Cambridge boats differed as English and French races differed twenty years ago. To produce anything deserving the name of contest, it would have been necessary to introduce some system of severe handicapping. Oxford should have rowed in a heavy boat, or should have given their competitors a minute's start. It was quite painful to see the slow Cambridge crews plodding after their brilliant rivals, jerking the boat along with a stroke which sent them more vigorously towards the bottom than along the surface of the water, and rowing as if a light modern craft, a miracle of lightness and neatness, were to be dealt with like a man-of-war's gig; the stroke consisting of a dig and a jerk, and the progress of a series of short spasmodic shoots, resembling

the intermittent flight of a sparrow instead of the smooth action of an eagle. The difference between those dismal races and the present is that there is no longer any very marked superiority of style on either side. A very little difference of style is quite sufficient, in days when, with the progress in boat-building, rowing has become comparatively a fine art, to counterbalance almost any advantage in strength and even training; and so long as Oxford men preserved even the average in those respects there was no more chance of Cambridge keeping up with them in its old style than of a bulldog keeping up with a greyhound. This is so far altered by the last two races that Cambridge has nearly reached the level of its competitor, and may look forwards to turning out, on some future occasion, a Gladiator amongst University boats, which shall surprise the rowing world into acknowledging that good oarsmen can still be raised on the Cam.

It is true that some faults still remain to be eradicated. There is, especially, that matter of "catching the beginning" upon which so many sermons have been preached, with, it would seem, not much more effect than sermons upon more exalted topics. It seems rather curious that a fault which can be summed up in such a short and pithy phrase cannot be more easily eradicated; but it is to be remembered that in this, as in the case of morals, the great difficulty is, not to find the axiom, but to find the living example. Another year of careful instruction may convert this precept from a theoretical doctrine which no one would deny into a doctrine understood and carried out in practice. Even as it is, the improvement of style was sufficient to put victory within the reach of the Cambridge crew. If they had not had to meet an Oxford crew of the calibre of last year's, they would in all probability have won; and a few more advantages might have made them successful on the present occasion. We need say nothing of that execrable barge which threw them further out of the course than their rivals, or of the singular piece of ill-luck which caused them to lose the toss this year for the sixth time in succession. Besides the general objection to discussing "might-have-beens," such misfortunes could hardly have altered anything more than the extent to which they were defeated, not the fact of the defeat itself. But another circumstance affected their fortunes more seriously. They were certainly not so strong in the middle of the boat as the Oxford crew. Now, at the end of a long race, the necessity of carrying "a passenger," just where an energetic application of power is imperatively required, is a very serious necessity indeed. When two boats are rowing oar to oar after a four-mile course, victory will generally declare for the boat which has the largest reserves of physical force near its centre. Without saying a word against any of the men who struggled so gallantly as long as their power permitted them, it was just in this quarter that Oxford had an advantage towards the finish. If newspaper reports are to be trusted, Mr. Kinglake received refusals from men who might have given him just the material he wanted to remedy this defect. We can pass no judgment upon any one, but the increased prestige of the University crew will be most useful to his successors if it enables them to put a stronger pressure upon those powerful giants whom a University captain always regards with a covetous eye. It is comparatively easy to get and to train men of between eleven and twelve stone, but there is always a difficulty in finding the effective performers of nearer thirteen, one or two of whom are so desirable in a long race. If Cambridge had been able to secure even one such man, the result of the contest might possibly have been different.

We hope that the measure of success obtained will stimulate Cambridge to the proper line of exertion during the next year—that, namely, of learning how to row. If they throw aside the irregular and extraneous devices of trying to exclude men above a certain standing, altering the course of the river and so on, and simply attend to their style, they have now every chance of rowing on a perfect equality with Oxford. There is, indeed, a certain disadvantage about rowing on the Cam, as was shown by the very marked improvement of the Cambridge crew on the Thames; but it is partly counterbalanced by the greater number of rowing men at Cambridge, and there is no sufficient reason why a good style should not be preserved even on their sluggish and dismal river. Their present stroke, if he takes the command, must know what rowing should be; and he certainly exhibited as much judgment as pluck in the race, and we hope that he may be able to take unto himself seven other oarsmen equally good.

GRAPHOTYPE.

AN account of a new method of reproducing pictures, accompanied by specimens of its results, was laid before the Society of Arts towards the close of last year by Mr. H. Fitzcook, which seems, although in its immature stage, already to rival all the ordinary results of wood-engraving, while it is asserted to be from one-fourth to one-half cheaper than woodcuts, and to afford even a greater saving as regards time. Its greatest advantage is, however, that it involves from first to last but one act of draughtsmanship. The artist himself draws his own work on the prepared chalk surface, which we will presently more fully describe; from this it is transferred to a metallic surface by an ordinary and purely mechanical process, either of electrotyping or stereotyping, and is then perfectly ready to be printed off. The

process of wood-engraving, on the contrary, passes through another mind, eye, and hand, when the artist has done his work, in order to produce the block from which the actual impressions are struck. One consequence of this is, that the artist is constantly fettered by having to consider the conditions under which his work can be reproduced by the engraver working on a surface of different susceptibility; and, practically, he has to draw on paper down to the level of the capacity of the wood to produce a facsimile. Thus he sometimes finds that his most forcible lines are sacrificed to the exigency of that secondary labour. No doubt the capacity of the chalk surface will likewise, at any rate in the present incipient stage of the art, be limited by similar conditions. But they will throughout be present to the eye and hand of the artist himself. He will feel at every stroke what his material admits of, and where, if anywhere, it is necessary to hold his hand or to graduate his touch. Thus he will address the public at first-hand, instead of requiring to be translated by the engraver. We believe, indeed, that no praise would be too high for the fidelity and care with which the highest class of our engravers execute their work. Yet the degree of accuracy practically attainable must always be limited by the conditions of the human mind itself, besides those which we have just noticed relating to the receptive powers of the surface operated upon. In the new method we have the autograph of the original artist transferred, with mechanical accuracy, to metal, and so finding its way to the eye of the public. The ideal engraver would be he who reproduces that autograph, adding nothing and detracting nothing, and becoming, in fact, the *alter ego* of the producing artist. But, indeed, human minds applied to each other cannot be expected, like two triangles in Euclid, to coincide at all points; nor can one, in taking up the conception of another, be expected absolutely to sink its own individuality. Thus it ought to be conceded that there may, in engraving as at present executed, be gain as well as loss, and some designs may be fairly said to be improved by the hand of the engraver. But such adventitious improvement is not what a genuine artist looks for; instead of being indebted to such tampering touches, he would rather have his idea find its way to light in its authentic form. In like manner, some passages of translated poetry have been held to surpass their originals. This, however, only proves that the translator was himself a poet, and no one doubts that many of our higher engravers are similarly artists. The merit of the graphotypic process to which we now call attention is that it enables any artist to become his own engraver; or rather, to speak strictly, supersedes altogether the deputed action of the graving-tool, and throws the native impression off without being dependent on a reproductive medium for its transmission.

This will at once appear from the nature of the means employed. A thick sheet of zinc is covered with a preparation of French chalk—the same, we are assured, as that with which ladies improve their complexions—finely pulverized and sifted, and then submitted to hydraulic pressure under a polished steel plate, which gives a gloss to the surface. The chalk next receives a strong "sizing," to prevent the ink from penetrating and spreading, and then presents a perfectly smooth and solid tablet on which the artist proceeds to draw; for which purpose an ink formed of glue and lampblack—in fact, a varnish—is found most serviceable, as it dries instantly, and admits of lines once drawn being immediately crossed by others. All portions of the chalk not covered by the ink are then found to admit of being at once brushed away, the ink acting as a protection to all that it covers; and on the facility so gained the whole advantage of the process depends. For this operation an ordinary tooth-brush was used in the earlier experiments. Brushes specially composed of fitch-hair, or fine silk velvet, are now substituted. The blank spaces of the chalk having been thus removed, the denuded drawing remains in relief on the surface, to the depth of perhaps the eighth of an inch. Thus the result hitherto attained by engraving is produced by the purely mechanical removal of the unoccupied chalk interstices in the form of a *débris*. The whole chalk surface then remaining is petrified by applying liquid silice to it, and in that state is handed over to the stereotyper or electrotyper, who proceeds to take from it any number of moulds at pleasure, each of which may of course become the source of an indefinite number of engravings on paper. This, again, affords a mechanical advantage in the case of any highly popular work for which there is a great demand, inasmuch as, supposing a dozen moulds made, the work of producing impressions can be proceeded with twelve times as fast as from a single wood-block. The intervention of the stereotyped mould, whilst it has no effect on the fidelity of the impressions produced, is a safeguard against the accidents to which the chalk surface might be liable in striking them off, supposing any portions of it imperfectly indurated by the silice. It is said, however, to attain a consistency equal to marble, and we are told that from these original chalk-blocks, bearing the actual drawing of the artist, hundreds of impressions have in some cases, with careful handling, been produced, without damage to the relieved surfaces by friction or pressure. Still, accidents to the surface in its maiden state are likely to hamper the beginner; and much delicacy of manipulation will probably be needed, since, wherever it has not yet been traversed by the ink, the chalk continues soft and sensitive almost to a breath. A very little practice, we can readily believe, removes the sense of strangeness which an artist feels in first encountering with brush or pen this untried surface. After this novitiate is once passed, a drawing containing lines of

any degree of fineness can, we are assured, be accomplished on the chalk as easily and rapidly as on paper. The manual labour of throwing the lines and shades out in relief by detrition is said to occupy fewer minutes than the production of a wood-engraving would take hours. And this rapidity of execution was illustrated, in fact, in the presence of the Society; for, some chalk-blocks being produced, the whole process which we have described, both artistical and mechanical, was gone through during the time occupied by the reading of Mr. Fitzcook's paper and the discussions which ensued thereupon. Finally, this method of producing impressions is said to be as well adapted to colour as to plain white and black. The stereotyping the moulds is preferable on two grounds to the electrotyping them; since, first, the former can be completed in an hour and half, the latter taking twenty-four hours for its accomplishment; secondly, the former is said to offer the draughtsman superior facilities for retouching and correcting. We rather doubt this. Lines may be removed, but we do not see how they can be added; nor, consequently, what alteration in the drawing can be made.

It remains to give some account of the source of this new invention. Draughtsmen on wood often have occasion to erase a part of the design, and of course to restore the surface of their block in order to receive their amendments. Mr. De Witt Clinton Hitchcock, of New York, was thus engaged in the summer of 1860, and was newly facing his block with material worked off by a brush from the surface of an enamelled visiting-card softened by water. As he gradually removed the enamelled surface, he discovered that the lettering on the card, which had been printed from a copper-plate, resisted the action of his brush, and stood out in bold relief above the surface. His attention was at once withdrawn from his wood and its newly whitened surface, and fastened on the card, and from this accident a series of experiments took their rise, which have resulted in the art of graphotype. The same accident had probably occurred to hundreds of persons before, but on this occasion it fell in the way of a mind which was disposed to cross-question it by experiment, and follow it up to a practical result.

We shall not at present do more than call attention to the claims and pretensions of this new means of multiplying mechanically the results of pure art. It will no doubt find its proper level, and take its right place among the appliances ancillary to the artist. But what that place is remains to be settled between him and the public. A good deal of wood-engraving may possibly be displaced by it. If our estimate is correct, it avoids one of the principal weaknesses of wood-engraving in the undiminished facility with which cross-shading can be introduced in it. For the blank chalk is so easily brushed out, and the portion covered by ink is so protected, that the crossing lines lose none of the sharpness of their angles; whereas a wooden block, if examined through a microscope, will constantly show traces of the rounding off of such angles even before the first proof has been struck. As a set-off against this, it is said to be unable to compete with wood-engraving in producing mechanical drawings, since the rule and compass, if applied to the chalk surface, damage it so that the work is spoiled. Moreover, in the examples of graphotype which have met our eye we do not observe the delicate gradations of tint to which superior wood-engravings have accustomed us. Probably also the lines cannot be drawn beyond a certain degree of fineness. At least, to this we ascribe the unusual degree of blackness which has marked most of the specimens we have seen. But the art is yet in its infancy, and it would be unfair to prejudge its ultimate capacities from such probably crude examples. We should expect, however, that illustrated periodicals will open an attractive field to the new method, and that probably some which are not illustrated may become so by availing themselves of it. Christmas-books and gift-books may sprinkle their vignettes and twine their arabesques with increased profusion when it is found that two or three can be executed at the cost hitherto consumed on one.

Among the artists whose favourable reports of the new process after trying it were cited by Mr. Fitzcook, are Mr. Holman Hunt, Mr. Hablot K. Browne, and Mr. J. D. Watson; the first of whom has more recently placed publicly on record, in the form of a letter to the *Times*, his appreciation of the importance attaching to it. Amongst those who took part in the discussion which followed the paper were Mr. George Cruikshank of Bacchanalian fame, Mr. George Wallis, Mr. Noel Humphreys, and others. The general upshot of the remarks elicited seemed to be that the fidelity ensured by the process, and its great mechanical facilities, would render it acceptable to the illustrator and designer, but still that the substantive merits of engraving, as waiting upon higher art, and doing that for the artist of a finished picture which he could not or would not do for himself, would probably remain untouched by its rivalry. We fear that the name adopted will puzzle unlearned readers, who will not easily make out why the graphotypic and the typographic arts should be so closely allied in nomenclature and so different in fact; or why the mere "putting the cart before the horse" should make a word which describes the letterpress of a page capable of standing for the illustration which adorns it. But in such matters an ounce of usage is worth a pound of grammar, and the popularization of the process will be the best recommendation of the name "graphotype."

REVIEWS.

TURNER'S ANALYSES OF HISTORY.*

OUR old battle against royal roads bids fair to be a perfect Armageddon. The old comparisons of the hydra and the dragon's teeth are too stale to be trotted out even at an agricultural dinner, and yet what comparisons can be so appropriate? If one upsets any of the small fry who infest the paths of historical literature, one gains nothing by it; new swarms keep pouring on, till the arm wearies by the mere process of destruction. If we fancy that we have made an end of Penthesilea and her Amazons, of Mrs. Markham and Miss (we believe it is Miss) Richmal Mangnall, lo Memnon himself, the son of the Morning, comes full tilt against us in the person of Dr. Turner of Liverpool. We feel that our time is short, that some day we must ourselves perish before the Scæan Gates. But there is something in the saying about a short life and a merry one, something in Earl Siward's dislike to dying in bed "sicut vacca"—it is clear therefore that Earl Siward would just now have gone in for the remedy of the pole-axe—something in blind King John's determination that, before he fell, he too would have a stroke at the English. To be sure, in our case, all strokes are absolutely useless. We suppose that King John, blind as he was, contrived to kill somebody before he was killed himself. But we look on and see, only too clearly, that however carefully we obey the precept

Smite hard, give good knocks—

words which, we must observe, are the beginning of a very ancient English (or Latin) hexameter—no amount of knocks can ever get the breath out of our enemies. Will any man, or woman either, be so foolish as to die, when he or she can get into a sixth, a twentieth, a hundredth edition? Our old friend Mr. Butter has, we dare say, by this time reached his three hundredth, and most likely the ingenious gentleman, whose name we forget, who taught the Art of Paraphrasing, is following hard on his wake. We hardly ever take up Mr. Murray's Advertisement List, but we are amazed and puzzled by one announcement, "Mrs. Markham's History of Germany, from the invasion of the Kingdom by Marius, to the present time." By some odd chance we have never seen the book, but only the advertisement, and certainly the advertisement is of all mysteries the greatest. There is no apparent explanation of the difficulty except that Mrs. Markham identified Caius Marius either with Louis the Fourteenth or with Napoleon Bonaparte. Who else of "Latin race," since Germany became a Kingdom, ever invaded it? Such small matter as King Lothar's ride from Laon to Aachen in the tenth century, or the days of Enguerrand de Coucy in the fifteenth, are hardly worth speaking of. Altogether this advertisement is about the greatest curiosity on record. We trust that Mrs. Markham or her literary executors will go on with a History of Denmark beginning with the invasion of the Kingdom by Alfred.

But, till we get this great puzzle of all explained, we can find both employment and amusement in the Analyses of Dr. Turner. Their principle is something quite new to us; or rather the principle is not at all new, but in Dr. Turner's hands it has taken quite a new form. It is the old principle of making an appearance of learning without the reality, something like the tracts of our grandfathers' times which taught "how to be charitable without expense." Dr. Turner's plan is the most pretentious that we have seen, and therefore, we are inclined to think, one of the most mischievous. Dr. Turner is more dangerous than Mrs. Markham and her allies, because he is likely to lead a higher class of minds astray. The boy or girl must be very stupid indeed who does not find Mrs. Markham out, but we fear that a reader of some sharpness might be deluded by Dr. Turner into believing that he has gained some knowledge when he has gained none. Dr. Turner's way is to give an abstract of history, facts and dates put down as drily as in the driest of chronicles, and to eke them out by extracts—often very good and pertinent extracts—from modern writers. The chief object of such a plan would seem to be to take in Examiners. Dr. Turner's pupils would be able to answer a good many questions of fact out of the Analysis; they would be able to get large materials for essays and talk out of the Extracts. Above all, they would have a golden opportunity for quoting books which they had not read. For one who studies under Dr. Turner's guidance, strictly speaking, reads nothing. He reads no narrative at all; he reads no original authority, indeed he has no hint given him that there are any original authorities; he reads no modern writer through. He stuffs his head with bits of Gibbon, Macaulay, Palgrave, what not; but he has not read Gibbon, Macaulay, or Palgrave. Altogether Dr. Turner seems determined to do all he can to counterwork the great undertaking of Socrates. The main object of Socrates was to unmask the conceit of knowledge where no knowledge existed. If any one could successfully throw dust in the eyes of Socrates, and make him believe that he knew something when he knew nothing, it would be one who had got up his history after the plan set forth by Dr. Dawson Turner.

We say one who had got up his history on Dr. Turner's plan,

* *Heads of an Analysis of English and French History, &c.* By Dawson W. Turner, D.C.L. Sixth Edition. London: Longmans & Co. 1865.

Analysis of the History of Germany; with brief Extracts from Standard Authorities, &c. By Dawson W. Turner, D.C.L. London: Longmans & Co. 1866.

not one who had got up history out of Dr. Turner's book. For a kind Fate watches over us after all. Socrates, or one by no means so sharp as Socrates, would easily find out any one whose studies had not gone beyond Dr. Turner. Happily for this end, Dr. Turner has filled his little books with some of the choicest of blunders. There is nothing to show whether he has or has not ever looked at a single original writer. But he has apparently read some of the best modern commentators; he has read quite enough to gain a decent, if a superficial, knowledge of his subject. But, with all his flourish of trumpets, he has not really got beyond the level of the Goldsmiths, Markhams, Butters, and Mangnalls. The whole early history of England is a tissue of the grossest blunders. To be sure, among all Dr. Turner's "authorities," he seems never to have heard of Mr. Kemble or Dr. Guest. The consequences are what might be looked for. All the exploded theories, all the false etymologies, of our grandmothers are there in full force. Begin at the beginning. "A better derivation for the word [Saxon], than that for *seax* given by Thierry) is probably *Sacæ-Sunæ* (the sons of the *Sacæ*) given in the *Pict. Hist.* of England. Others derive the word from *sassen* 'settled.'" These are the things which stir the bile of a man who knows any language at all or who ever heard of Grimm's Law. What language do Dr. Turner and the *Pict. Hist.* of England fancy "*Sacæ-Sunæ*" to be? What on earth have we to do with *Sacians*? If we are anybody's sons, why not go the whole hog at once? Why not "*Saxon* = *I-saacson*?" we have seen the derivation seriously given, and that not by Mr. Lysons of Gloucester. And "*sassen*"; does not Dr. Turner know that High Dutch *s* answers to Low Dutch *t* and that "*sassen*" in English is not "*Saxon*," but "*setas*," "*settlers*?" But the joke lies deeper. All these ingenious people fancy that the *n* is radical, instead of simply coming in in some of the oblique cases. The nominative plural is "*Seaxa*." If Dr. Turner wanted to find out the derivation of *Romani*, he might as well cast about for something which accounts for such a form as "*Romanorum*." Most of these names have in Latin a double form, "*Gothi*," "*Gothones*," &c.; and the *n* in "*Saxones*" is really nothing else. Directly afterwards we find the astounding assertion that Augustine "caused a massacre of the monks of Bangor," and that the *Bretwaldas* (!) were entrusted with the execution of the decrees of the Witenagemot, composed of the *three orders*, &c. &c." Witenagemot is "from *Witan* to know, and *Gemet* a meeting," yet Dr. Turner in the same page has a quotation in which the word *Witan* is used quite correctly. But for people like Dr. Turner it is much easier to transcribe than to understand. *King* is "derived either from the German *Können* or the Celtic *Coan*, head." A man who never heard of Allen, who never heard of Kemble, who does not know the form of either a German or an Old-English participle, who does not know what is the form of a Teutonic patronymic, will naturally make such blunders as to derive *Cyping* from *Können*—Old-English from modern High-German—but then such people would be better employed in learning something themselves than in trying to teach others. Ecgebrht of course is "sole monarch, and crowned *King of England*." London "is either from *Lan-din* the 'town of ships,' or from *Llan-Dian* 'the temple or church of Diana.'" For a character of Richard the First Dr. Turner innocently goes to a review in the *Times* of Mr. Stubbs' *Itinerary*, quite unconscious, it would seem, that, after the manner of the *Times*, the review was no review at all, but a somewhat damaged reprint.

For French History Dr. Turner sends his readers to several "very pretty works," with some of which we cannot boast of any acquaintance; but we have the old story about "First Dynasty," "Second Dynasty," "Third Dynasty"; nay, we have a fifth and a sixth, the Valois and the Bourbons being mysteriously made something different from the "*Capetians*," who came to an end in 1328. Anything more meagre than Dr. Turner's "*Analysis of the History of France*" can hardly be imagined. To be sure, by giving us nothing at all, he has escaped the greater sin of giving us all the perversions of modern French vanity. Still, even those perversions call for a warning against them or a substitute for them, and, setting all perversions aside, the real story of the growth of the modern French Kingdom is by no means a matter to be slurred over. The Carolingian history is, we may say, altogether cut out. We get it neither in the French nor in the German Analysis. Perhaps Dr. Turner was not quite sure whether it belonged to France or to Germany, and therefore, like a safe man, he avoided committing himself by leaving it out entirely. But it is when Dr. Turner reaches Germany that he comes out in full perfection. He has performed a feat which we should have thought beyond all human ability. He has read Mr. Bryce; he quotes him even more than enough; but it is clear that he has read his book without understanding one word of it. The book is crowded with references to and extracts from the "*Holy Roman Empire*"; and yet, after all, Dr. Turner does not know the difference between an Emperor and a King. An article in the *National Review*, bearing the title "*Frederick the First, King of Italy*," is amusingly quoted in the English Analysis, on a very casual mention of the prince intended; it is not quoted in the German Analysis, where it would have been thoroughly in place. We can only guess that one who, like Dr. Turner, can, with Mr. Bryce's book open before him, still talk about "*Emperors of Germany*," did not realize that Frederick "*Emperor of Germany*" and Frederick King of Italy were one and the same person.

One of the oddest things about the German Analysis is Dr. Turner's way of sticking in notes signed "*J. G. L.*," as if by way of confirmation of his own statements in the text. We do not know

whence these remarks come, or how much injustice may be done to them by separation from their context whatever it may be; but they certainly have the oddest effect as they stand. For instance, when we get to King Rudolf, whom Dr. Turner of course exalts into an Emperor (his son Albert, by the way, is called, still more amazingly, "*Emperor and titular King of the Romans*"), we find in the notes such sayings as these:—"From the accession of Rudolph the history of Germany assumes a double aspect, that of the Empire and that of the House of Austria." We do not at all know what is meant by this. Presently, in the text we are told that "*Rudolf tried in vain to name him [Albert] his successor to the Imperial throne, and to make the Imperial crown hereditary.*" On this the note of "*J. G. L.*" is "*The Swiss Cantons had confidence in the Emperor Rudolph.*" It is hard to see what this has to do with the statement in the text, and to talk about "*the Swiss Cantons*" in Rudolf's time shows a loose way of thinking, and may lead to serious error. So presently the text has, "*Exactions, tyranny, and cruelty of the German bailiffs, appointed by Albert, in Switzerland, lead to the insurrections, in the next reign, of William Tell.*" It is clear that Dr. Turner believes that, at the end of the thirteenth century, there was a country called Switzerland distinct from Germany, and that the bailiffs were hated as being "*Germans*," and therefore foreigners. It looks very much as if Dr. Turner thought that the revolt was a revolt against the King as King, and as if, "in the next reign," William Tell was an enemy of Henry the Seventh. To be sure, the exploits of William Tell, if they happened at all, happened during the reign of Albert; but such small details do not concern Dr. Turner. It looks very much as if Dr. Turner knew nothing about the whole matter except the *Tellsage*. It is a comfort however to find "*J. G. L.*" one degree better informed. The note to this curious text is "*The three Cantons, Schwytz, Uri, Unterwald [sic] rise in arms. The story of William Tell has been doubted by modern critics.*"

Dr. Turner, according to his title-page, has also published Analyses of the Histories of Greece and Rome. We wonder whether the analyst who does his German history without hinting at the existence of Lambert of Herzfeld and Otto of Freisingen, has kept the existence of Thucydides and Polybius an equally profound mystery to himself and his readers.

THE LIFE OF FATHER IGNATIUS.*

THIS ought to have been a very interesting life. All the elements of a telling biography are here. The late George Spencer was a man whom every one loved that knew him. If his simplicity was extreme, it was at all events very engaging. If he was vehement in his exertions, in season and out of season, on behalf of his adopted faith, his vehemence was always amusing, and never even for a passing moment ill-natured. His eccentricities were something much more than pardonable, and the well-bred courtesy and gentleness of his whole life displayed the Anglican convert at his very best. Moreover, he was almost the first of the convert fraternity. The *Tracts for the Times* were unthought of when he left the English communion. His earlier years give one a curious glimpse of the clergy as they were, theologically and socially, some forty years ago—a long interval in these days—and the biography might have been as interesting and as instructive as any that has appeared for years past. Unhappily, all is spoiled by the extraordinary ill-luck that has presided over the choice of a biographer. Of Father Pius a Sp. Sancto we have no knowledge whatever, and we are obliged to say that we have no wish to extend our acquaintance in that direction. He speaks of English life—its Eton, its Cambridge, its country parsonages, and the rest—with a foreign tone, and we get the notion that the book has only been preserved from glaring inaccuracies in detail by the supervision of some English Mentor who has not been at liberty to interfere beyond a mere correction of the proof-sheets. On this point we may be right or wrong; on another we think there can be no two opinions. A biography of a person of George Spencer's peculiar condition should have entered as warmly as might be into the ways of thought and action that prevailed in the Anglican communion of the day; should have endeavoured to see them as Spencer saw them at the time when he still lived and moved among them; should, in short, have put his hero and his contemporaries at their best. It is unfortunate for the author that, for this period, the chief material he has to work upon is an autobiography composed by Mr. Spencer in 1836 (some years after his conversion), and written far too palpably on the model of St. Augustine's Confessions. All before him is a Garden of Eden, as it ought to be; but all behind him is a waste howling wilderness, which it ought not to be. One wants to see things as he saw them at the time, not as he thinks, after a considerable interval and a great change, that he ought to have seen them. This, however, is, after all, only the misfortune of Father Pius. His fault is that the whole thing is a running satire, of a snarling and underbred sort, upon the English Church, which he does not understand, and on English manners, which belong to a world entirely different from his own. The English gentleman, clerical or lay, is something of which Father Pius and people of that sort have not even a faint conception. And the result is

* *The Life of Father Ignatius of St. Paul, Passionist (the Hon. and Rev. George Spencer)*. Compiled chiefly from his Autobiography, Journal, and Letters, by the Rev. Father Pius a Sp. Sancto, Passionist. Dublin and London: James Duffy. 1866.

that the volume is defaced by passages which are sometimes ludicrous, and at other times not entirely creditable to modern literature. His account of Cambridge would have been a little less absurd had he known just a trifle about the place. He would scarcely have told the world that, in the English Church, attendance on a professor's lectures "insured" a man "the imposition of his bishop's hands whenever he might think it convenient to put himself to the trouble of going through the ceremony," had he remembered that English readers have had the opportunity for some few centuries back of comparing the theological learning of the Anglican with that of the Roman clergy. He has ransacked the Life of Bishop Blomfield, Spencer's tutor in early life and his unfailing friend afterwards, with commendable industry; but, after having received every assistance from the Althorp family, it is hardly decent to speak of the then Lady Spencer as being disappointed at her son's conversion because she had hoped to see him a bishop, or to insinuate that Bishop Blomfield (who, we are told, "ought to be a capital hand at such things, as he had the hymeneal knot twice tied upon himself") endeavoured to inveigle Spencer into matrimony, as a means of extinguishing his vagrant theological fancies. There are dozens of such *gaucheries*, to call them by no uglier name, in the volume; some snarl or growl or innuendo meets one at every turn, and they amount altogether to a thorough nuisance. With this we bid adieu to a writer who will probably never re-appear, and who has utterly ruined what would, in any rational hands, have been a very attractive subject.

George Spencer was the youngest of the eight children of the Lord Spencer of the time. He was born December 21, 1799. According to his own account, he had not a notion of anything beyond the visible world before his sixth birthday, when his sister's governess first told him of the existence of a God. If this is strictly true, we need not say it should have found no place in this volume. We take it as one of those semi-mythical statements which find their way into "confessions"—a species of composition in which people find it very easy to confess other people's shortcomings. We may, perhaps, conclude that the date in question was that at which he first paid attention to his teacher. At Eton he fell into the hands of an excellent tutor, who kept him safe from moral harm so long as he remained in charge of him. Afterwards he got into other and less satisfactory hands, and we have sentences beginning, "Oh! the happiness of a Catholic child," and laudations of the practice of confession, which were ludicrously unreal when they were written, and have been unluckily published just at the time when the case of Fitzgerald v. Northcote came out to furnish a somewhat stinging commentary on them. What we are intended to learn is, we suppose, that a hothouse is a better atmosphere (for trees that are meant to grow) than the average chances of fresh air, and wind, and sunshine—a piece of wisdom which English gentlemen are unaccountably slow of understanding. Then comes the episode of Blomfield's tuition, a sober and sensible interval; only (the "confessions" say) he lost all the benefit of it from an inordinate love of cricket—another surprise to the unenlightened English mind. At Cambridge he read steadily, lived quietly, except when he "could not bear to be out of the fashion," and did well; was twice second in College examinations at Trinity, a distinction which the biographer takes to be equivalent to a Cambridge first-class. But for the unfortunate regulation which then enabled a nobleman to take an honorary M.A. at the end of his second year, very possibly George Spencer would have been through life a wiser man. Then came some months of foreign travel; and then, ordination.

Of the years passed by Spencer as an English clergyman we have the most unsatisfactory account. He went into Holy Orders with the best possible intentions, but with the wildest theories, with no theological learning whatever, and, above all, with none of the mental ballast which so speedily reduces theories to their proper level. This extreme impulsiveness, joined as it was to an almost ludicrous insensibility to the connection between means and ends, was his besetting infirmity through life; only, at a later period, he had the internal lack supplied to him *ab extra*, in the shape of very continuous, very decided, and now and then very ill-mannered, repression. That a man who could so little take care of himself should be taken care of by somebody more competent to the task, we readily admit. That he should be forbidden to make a Guy of himself in the streets is obvious; that wild schemes of almost every sort under the sun, up to one for the improvement of Cardinal Wiseman, should be frowned upon is natural also; and we can quite understand his being forbidden to continue a newspaper controversy. But when good George Spencer's open-mouthed proselytism compelled his brother-in-law to taboo theology in the family circle, we fail entirely to understand the propriety of his bishop's prohibition of his intercourse with his family on those terms—a prohibition which, if we rightly understand the writer, even extended to his visiting his sister on her deathbed. But here we are anticipating. In the English Church, of course, no such checks existed, and he had his full fling. He set out, to all appearance, as a sort of High-Churchman, such as High-Church was in those days. He tries to argue down Dissenters, reads *Daubeny's Guide to the Church*, takes to violent fasting, &c., draws cheques at the bank to find all the cash evaporated in charity before he gets home, and is only frightened away from this *culte* by a well-known Oxford Don, whose name is oddly spelt Elmesly, and who told him that such principles belonged only to "the Catholics"; to which Spencer mentally supplied a major premiss from his recollections of Euclid—"which is

absurd, ergo"—and renounced the principles accordingly. Then he becomes, of course, violently "low"; fraternizes with Dissenters right and left; gets "converted" once at least, though unluckily the old woman who was the "instrument" turns out to have been a thorough humbug all the time. Then he is in correspondence with Irving, and is quite clear that the world is at an end or thereabouts. On an average he changes his views about every birthday. Then, after a little dallying, he meets with his master—just the thing he had been wanting all along. We only regret that he found it where he did. He was meant for something better.

Yet one feels that nothing but a strong and severe system could have managed this very recalcitrant person. He was, or felt that he was, born to set everybody to rights. He had no difficulty in telling everybody his fault. When he has half an hour's conversation with Bishop Blomfield, it is "most interesting on his (the Bishop's) account"; when he is asked to preach in the Bishop's church, he gravely tells the congregation that they had not often the opportunity of hearing "the Gospel," and he lets it fly full tilt at their heads straightway, according to whatever version of it might then be uppermost. His correspondence at the time must have been very amusing, though not perhaps very persuasive, if we can judge from the specimens of the replies which are given us, the letters themselves being either lost or suppressed. In a word, he was energetic and impulsive to a fault, but as honest and earnest as man could be, and found no answering voice in the orthodox platitudes of Bishop Herbert Marsh, or the soft semi-acquiescence of Dr. Blomfield. We may pass over the curious letter of Mr. Ambrose Philipps (then a boy of seventeen), and we rather gladly say nothing of the queer episode of "the Maid of Lille." We only wonder at the suicidal candour that allows it to find a place in this volume. Anyhow, Spencer found his master. The only lesson we learn is that in those days the Church of England failed entirely in one essential part of its duty—namely, that of governing. Spencer wanted an authoritative guide, and found only advisers, or flatterers, or noodles, where he should have found a ruler.

This part of his life is very badly told, however, and most likely a good deal of injustice is done to those who were the prominent persons in it. Henceforth the narrative is given clearly enough, only it is very dull. We get some views of the inner life of Romanism, but they are poor and frigid, except where they are merely polemical, and we know all that beforehand. Spencer goes to Rome, and becomes as Roman as a convert mostly does. He is full of "views" and projects, but they are all treated with a plentiful supply of cold water. He becomes a priest, and gives up all his income to the bishop under whom he is placed; labours hard in his calling, and selects by preference the worst mission that is available. If the stupid reiteration of silly comparisons between the Roman priest of whom the writer knows something, and the English parson of whom he knows nothing, would only allow us to read the book in peace, Spencer's life at this time, if not of a very high order in any respect except that of its simplicity (in more senses than one), would at all events have been one of unusual beauty. As it is, we get this insufferable Father Pius and his "order" crammed in at every turn. At length Spencer becomes one of the "religious," as distinct from the contemned secular, priesthood; is "ordered to wash down an old rusty flight of stairs" by way of probation, and gets "some sharp rebukes," either for his clumsiness or for the honour of the order, we hardly make out which. Henceforth all is profound poverty, long begging pilgrimages, and a submission to his superior or provincial almost more abject than ever. It is brightened here and there by a few stories, such as that of the Liverpool fine lady who refused to receive the mendicant friar until he sent up his name in full, and who got soundly trounced for her snobishness; and his rich answer to a Roman Catholic gentleman who had come *en grande tenue* to receive him at the station, and was horrified at seeing his guest come out of a third-class carriage:—"My dear Father Ignatius, why do you travel by third class?" "Well, because there isn't a fourth." But the stories are very few, and chiefly consist of gibes upon his former co-religionists. It is quite possible that Mr. Spencer uttered them half in jest; it is quite certain he had no notion what sort of use his new friends would make of them.

We cannot here speak of the work which was the favourite employment of his latter years. How he went on a crusade of his own to excite the faithful all over Europe to prayer for the conversion of England; how he had interviews with Lord Russell, Lord Clarendon, Lord Palmerston, the Emperor of Austria, the Pope, Dr. Cumming, and other great people; how everybody was civil, except the last-named personage, but nobody encouraging; how even the Pope grew tired of Father Ignatius after a time, declaring that "he would give no more indulgences for England, no account is made of them"—in short, the thing was an amiable absurdity; and how an old Irishwoman enlightened him a little on the subject (she had said the three *Aves* duly day by day for England, but explained that while she prayed three times a day for the sake of the indulgence, she cursed the English 300 times a day, lest they might get any good of the prayers)—for all this we must refer to the volume itself. There is much in it that is instructive, and much that is sad. There is something very mournful in the feeling of loneliness that grows over the good Father with advancing years, as he sees that everybody regards him as a dreamer, and is half-inclined himself to ask whether they are not right. In the end he dies suddenly, of a heart complaint,

while walking up the approach to the house of a friend. There is something unconsciously appropriate in the two or three words that tell the story—"he was coming straight to the grand entrance, when he turned off on a by-path. He perceived that he had lost his way, and asked a child which was the right one." It was the kind of death he had wished to die; and no one will read even this defaced life of him without a hearty sympathy with its subject.

ST. MARTIN'S EVE.*

THE union of a lady who inherits madness from her father to a gentleman in whose family there is a tendency to waste away prematurely is a coincidence which naturally suggests some very awful consequences. The novelty lies in the complication of disorders—madness pure and simple, as an element in sensational novels, having become by this time rather stale. When we are told that there was another peculiarity in the St. Johns of Alnwick—that, by a mysterious dispensation, their births and deaths generally occurred on the 10th of November, and that the day seemed otherwise to exercise a dark and sinister influence on the family fortunes—it will be seen that Mrs. Wood has spared no pains to accumulate the materials for a curiously thrilling story. But her sensational proclivities are not of that thorough-going kind which distinguishes some of her contemporaries. With every desire to satisfy the prevalent craving for the horrible and marvellous, she either cannot or will not go the pace of certain other popular writers. She keeps no one in a twitter of suspense; she inflicts on no one a sleepless night. Her stories lack that close connection and logical sequence of events which alone can carry the reader in a fever of curiosity on from one stage of the plot to another. When she has got her catastrophe, she does not know how to deal with it. Instead of concentrating her powers on its gradual development, she flings it down as a tub to the whale, and hurries away to what in her heart she evidently likes much better, and feels much more at home in—the details of household management, and the gossip of nursemaids and schoolgirls. In fact, two principles appear to contend for the mastery of her fluent pen. Sensationalism urges it in one direction, domesticity in another. The one suggests images of horror and mystery; the other, which represents her truer self, inspires topics of a gentler and less exciting kind—the thoughts that cluster round the tea-table, the small worries of the Marthas of middle-class life. The result of this antagonism in the mind of the authoress is a somewhat hybrid work—a schoolroom story dotted with strong situations, a record of family biography redeemed from insipidity by a dash of the tragic, a first volume devoted to the doings of a criminal lunatic balanced by a second all about naughty children, a chapter of police experience alternating with another which breathes the tone and simple philosophy of Dr. Watts.

We are not aware whether Mrs. Wood is a believer in the theory of moral insanity, but the extenuating tone in which she writes about her interesting murderess would almost make one think so. She evidently anticipates a verdict of acquittal for her amiable client. No amateur detective or briefless barrister is set in motion to trace out her crime and bring her to justice. Regarded from a legal point of view, the evidence of Mrs. Carleton St. John's madness is exceedingly slight. Its chief symptom seems to have been a desire to be married—an indication of madness very commonly encountered in young ladies, a little too common, perhaps, for one to attach any great weight to it. When we add that her constitutional malady impelled her invariably towards gentlemen with large landed estates, it will at once be seen that there was at least some method in this madness. It is true that when her temper was roused, which was not very seldom, a wild sort of evil glare shot from her eyes. And she had a disagreeable habit of prowling about the passages of country houses where she was a guest, and invading the bedrooms of other ladies of whom she was jealous. One circumstance Mrs. Wood relies on as highly significant of insanity. It happened that she was playing at chess with Sir Isaac St. John, on whom she had a matrimonial design, when her mother, whom she supposed to be at Paris, entered the drawing-room unannounced. In her surprise, Mrs. Carleton crushed a crystal bishop to pieces in her hand. So remarkable a feat unquestionably showed the possession, as Mrs. Wood puts it, "of a strength of finger beyond that of ordinary women"; but it is a less convincing proof of an unsound mind. On the other hand, the evidence of a wicked feeling towards her little stepson abounds. Because her husband showed the child some attention on his return from London, she flew into a passion, and struck the boy to the ground. When, at a *fête champêtre*, she hated him narrowly escaped drowning, a feeling of "angry disappointment" shot across her. Still Mrs. Wood stands by her heroine. We are not, she tells us, to set her down as a wicked woman. "She was not wicked yet." Later on, she speaks of her state in terms of pity, and even modified approval. "There is not the least doubt that this poor young woman, who had been born into the world with passions unwholesome, and had not had them checked in childhood, was really trying to do a good part by her stepson, and believed she was doing it." We are left to conjecture the precise date when the mystery of iniquity was consummated in the bosom of Mrs. Carleton St. John. All

that can be said is, that it must have been at some time between the child's escape from a watery grave, when we have Mrs. Wood's word for it that his stepmother was not yet wicked, and the fatal evening when she barbarously left him to perish in the flames. The lingering tenderness with which our authoress regards her heroine is shown by a little incident which is made to conduce to the catastrophe. Mrs. Carleton had partaken that afternoon too freely of walnuts and port wine. As a circumstance of extenuation this appears to us quite on a par with one which a French jury is said to have allowed in the case of a murderer who had minced his victim into sausages. The extreme penalty was not inflicted because the sausages were good.

But, whether mad or wicked, one thing is certain, that Mrs. Carleton St. John is an eminently repulsive and nauseous person to read about. If there is one thing even more unwholesome than the passions of a poor young woman who has never practised any self-control, it is the morbid sympathy which is sometimes expended on them. It is a positive relief to turn to some of the many gushing and sentimental types of young-womanhood with which these pages are studded. Mrs. Wood evidently considers that one cannot have too much of a good thing. Her story is choked with young ladies. It cannot get along because of them. They start up like mushrooms at every stage of it. From beginning to end we seem to be listening to a running accompaniment of girlish prattle. The fair sex predominates in a ratio of about seven to one. The male sex is literally nowhere. It is very inadequately represented by Sir Isaac St. John, who is a deformed valetudinarian, with very feminine ways of acting, and Frederic St. John, who is arrested for debts incurred in a most ladylike manner through love of Art. These are the only prominent male characters. Having in the present work reduced them to a minimum, why should not Mrs. Wood go a step further, and in her next omit them altogether? It would be a triumph of ingenuity to succeed in interesting lady readers in a novel from which men and their doings had been eliminated. But of young ladies Mrs. Wood has an inexhaustible assortment on hand. And she is not particular as to the mode of their introduction. With a view to secure the greatest possible number for the purpose of description, she nets a whole boarding-school. The connection between the sensational moiety of her story and the moiety devoted to the history of the Belleport Academy and its inmates is not very obvious. But it is worth observing as illustrative of our authoress's spider-like dexterity in crossing, by means of the merest cobweb of a link, from one set of persons and incidents to another totally different. Madame de Nino's pupils come within the scope of this work, in right of their being the school companions of the half-sister of the mistress of Alnwick. Adeline de Castella is the young lady whose story is told at greatest length. She may almost be described as joint heroine with Mrs. Carleton St. John. As Mrs. Wood observes, her parentage must have been very singular if, through her grandparents, she was "a descendant of England, France, Italy, and Spain." It seems that this lovely cosmopolitan was predestined to a highly romantic but melancholy end. The school-girls had a pack of cards—not such as vulgar men and gypsies use, but a thoroughly ladylike pack, "small transparent squares, made from the leaves of the sensitive plant." With these they were fond of telling each other's fortune, and it was remarkable that a card with a French marigold depicted on it always fell to Adeline. The French marigold, it is well known, is the emblem of unhappy love, ending in "possible" death. The flower haunts her everywhere. At the first ball she appears at, she twitches it out of the hand of a strange gentleman. Then it becomes the subject of a fierce quarrel between her lover and her affianced husband, the former having given her a specimen, and the latter wishing to replace it with a camellia. After vainly trying to reconcile the two gentlemen's conflicting claims, Adeline dies of consumption, for the express purpose, as it should seem, of giving Mrs. Wood an opportunity to describe a wonderful French custom, in accordance with which the corpse of the poor girl is dressed up in bridal attire, and, standing upright, holds a reception. Rose Darling is a complete contrast to her ill-fated companion, being a wild, boisterous, mischievous young thing, terribly given to make love to other girls' lovers. We must own to a certain feeling of satisfaction when Rose, as she steps on the packet to elope with Mr. Marlborough, is confronted with her sailor brother, who with malicious pleasantry takes her for a cruise with him in the chops of the Channel instead. Mrs. Wood has a lady's interest in telling us that Rose started on her voyage in a white chip bonnet and a pearl grey damask dress, and she adds pathetically, "You should have seen them when she came in!" Then there is the meek Eleanor Seymour with a tremendously aristocratic mother, who, when her daughter owns her love for an "iron man," sternly bids her "take the night to reflect on the advantages of her unblemished descent"; and besides these we have two Miss Beauclercs, two more Miss Darlings, Lady Anne St. John, Mary Carr, and various other supernumeraries. Mrs. Wood does not succeed in varying the type of her multitudinous young ladies. They are of two kinds—the sentimental and the bouncing. Probably the games with cards made out of the leaf of the sensitive plant, and the gossip about lovers, represent pretty accurately the inner life of a finishing academy. Lastly, there are young women in a humbler walk of life whom our authoress depicts with even greater relish. The servant-girl is sure to crop up in her novels. More things are due to the influence of Mary Jane than are dreamt of in the philosophy of the drawing-room. She may be reckoned

* *St. Martin's Eve.* By Mrs. Henry Wood. London: Tinsley Brothers, 1866.

among the most important wirepullers of family life. In accordance with her pet theory that the house is ruled from below stairs, Mrs. Wood gives considerable prominence in this story to two rival nursemaids. After describing in great detail their ways of aggravating each other, she warns the reader not to think too lightly of their squabbles, adding, for herself, that she had no choice but to enter on this part of her subject. Honour and Prance are the embodiments of the good and evil principles in domestic service; but it is significant of Mrs. Wood's sympathy for nursemaids, that even the latter, who appears as the accomplice in a barbarous child-murder, is permitted to clear her character in the end, and to entitle herself to respect for her fidelity to her excitable mistress.

The habit of acting as chorus to her own drama is apparently too inveterate in Mrs. Wood to be overcome. She is always reminding the reader that she holds the strings which set the puppets in motion, and taking him in the most affable manner into her confidence, and telling him what is coming next, or wondering whether he will recognise so and so, or playfully informing him that he will see why presently. "Reader, you have met him before; you saw the room once. . . . I do assure you the circumstances took place just as they are written. . . . You see they were all at cross-purposes. . . . I'm glad this episode is over. . . . I think I have said all I need about the state of Mrs. Carleton St. John. . . . I would have you note that the fastening was inside. . . . You must read many pages ere you arrive at that secret." It would probably be useless to point out once more that this perpetual obtrusion of the writer's personality is a violation of the primary rule of her art, which is to create and maintain an illusion of reality. Does Mrs. Wood suppose that our national street exhibition would arouse as much unfeigned delight in the bosom of the grinning bystanders if the itinerant exhibitor were always popping his head before the decent veil of green baize which hides his operations from view, to inform them that he was about to make Punch deal Judy a thump or set Toby barking?

GEOLOGY FOR GENERAL READERS.*

FEW of our handbooks of popular science can be said to have greater or more decisive merit than those of Mr. Page on geology and paleontology. They are clear and vigorous in style, they never oppress the reader with a pedantic display of learning nor overwhelm him with a pompous and superfluous terminology, and they have the happy art of taking him straightway to the face of nature herself, instead of leading him by the tortuous and bewildering paths of technical system and artificial classification. It may be the fashion with many to sneer at popular sketches or outlines of scientific subjects. But we agree with Mr. Page that simple elementary sketches of this kind are the only means by which the majority of people can acquire any knowledge of science, while, in not a few instances, they form the first steps even to those who subsequently profess to despise them. Nor, because information is given in a popular way, need it be inaccurate and flimsy. Because truth is told in a familiar manner it need not be either undignified or unattractive. That some writers have made the attempt and failed is no reason for discarding all endeavours at a simple and familiar exposition of the leading truths and principles of geology. If many have been deterred from the study by a sense of its dryness, and by the load of its technicalities, there is even more hope of its winning attention when presented in an easy and colloquial style, and disengaged from the trammels of a formal treatise. Whatever deficiencies may attach to the present little work in point of completeness and systematic arrangement, from the fact of much of it having been cast in the form of lectures to miscellaneous audiences, will probably be held to be in a great measure compensated by the additional vivacity and verve which it is the lecturer's part to throw into the current of thought and diction. There is at the same time none of that silly pandering to the popular love of the marvellous which betrays a certain class of pretenders to science into dealing with the facts and phenomena of nature in a vein of sentiment so thrilling as to make us think they have stolen a leaf out of the book of our writers of fiction. A certain amount of repetition is perhaps hardly separable from a mode of treatment which required each separate sketch to be complete in itself, containing, so far as it goes, an outline of our existing knowledge of the special matter to which it refers. And this defect of method, the author, instead of resting content with apologizing for it, would, in our opinion, have done well to remove while preparing these essays for publication.

Mr. Page's plan in setting out his subject is essentially that of nature. He begins with a general survey of the existing surface or crust of the earth. From a general classification of the principal rocks and rock formations he proceeds to distinguish between the older and the more recent ones, showing how their order in time is proved by their superposition *in situ*, as well as by their constituent materials. The several processes which resulted in the unstratified and stratified formations furnish each a chapter to this portion of world-history, and every care is taken to keep the reader's mind properly balanced between what is matter of obser-

vation and what depends upon hypothesis, as well as to assign to each class of facts at once their practical and their theoretical importance. The two main processes of a mechanical and a gradual kind, by which the primary forces at work upon the earth's crust have been perpetually modified, are those of waste and reconstruction. The action of these antagonist influences is incessant, and between them the form and substance of the earth are held in an equilibrium as fixed and as enduring as that of the planetary system. These agencies may be enumerated as fivefold. There are, first, the meteoric—the result of rains, frosts, and winds. There are the aqueous, consisting of rivers, waves, tides, and ocean currents. The chemical operate by means of solution and precipitation. The organic are proper to vegetable and animal growths; and the more violent igneous forces make themselves manifest in volcanoes, earthquakes, and crust disturbances. The action of each of these in its separate effects upon the strata of our globe, as well as their combined and mutual operation as natural and necessary portions of the universal world-mechanism, forms an integral part of this preliminary inquiry. Passing on to the periods of time, or systems of strata, by which the results of these ceaseless agencies are represented, the author proceeds to the technical arrangement which geologists have generally agreed to lay down as forming the broad marks of distinction in the scale of organic life. Beginning from the primary, or earliest yet known, we get a sketch of the general composition and distribution of their respective systems, their characteristic rocks and fossils, the early paucity of life and its rudimentary organization, with its advance during the secondary and later periods, the primitive cycle of cryptogamous plants and invertebrate animals, together with the geographical aspects which accompanied the primary period—the dawn of organic life. Mr. Page is at the same time careful to guard the reader against the idea that there are sharp natural lines of demarcation between the so-called systems of geologists. By these distinctions nothing more is meant than that such and such types of life, or such and such geological changes, culminated or exerted their highest force within a definite range of time. The type may thus be seized upon as distinct from those which either followed or preceded it, though the record of nature is silent as to the way in which individuals on the skirts of each typical group propagated and blended into each other. The idea of separate and independent creations may be said to have gone into the same limbo of science as the notion of grasping the primary origin of life itself, or the idea of a proper physical "creation" apart from antecedent forms of life. We shall probably hear no more of the theory of catastrophes, except as connected with local and incidental phenomena. All we want is time enough for the gradual operation of known and normal causes:—

The life of certain estuaries and seas may no doubt be brought to a close by some sudden catastrophe, but such breaks are merely local, and do not affect the general life-arrangements of the globe. When we speak, therefore, of the Silurian as "marking the close of a long invertebrate period," it is not meant to be asserted that there were absolutely no fishes during the deposition of the uppermost Silurians, but simply that the *Primary Periods* as a whole were characterized by their want of vertebrate remains, and that the strata in which they do occur may be regarded, without detriment to the science, either as uppermost Silurian or as lowest Old Red Sandstone.

An excellent account is given by Mr. Page of the recent discovery of the remains of organic life in the primitive beds of the valley of the St. Lawrence, the deepest and lowest of the sedimentary strata. By this important discovery of Sir W. Logan the range of organized life upon the earth has been carried back to a date beyond the utmost stretch of our recent scale of calculation. An inspection of the fine specimen of this deposit in the Museum in Jernyn Street, from the Grenville rocks in Upper Canada, will enable the visitor to trace in this block of bright green highly crystalline marble the delicate organisms of which the deposit is made up. Their cellular form is clearly visible even with so low a power as that of the small Coddington lens. Under the microscope it has been set out by Dr. Carpenter with a distinctness which effectually disposes of the objection raised by some geologists to the organic nature of the *ozocon Canadense*. Whatever its zoological affinities, there can be no doubt as to its being, not of mineral, but of animal aggregation. This extraordinary development of the rhizopod type of animal life, which now presents itself in forms of comparative insignificance, had the power of separating the carbonate of lime from the primitive ocean waters in quantities sufficient to rival the coral masses of later epochs. These deposits of minute foraminiferal *débris* are compacted into hard, quartzose, aluminous, and argillaceous strata, for the most part in a condition of metamorphism which has given them, under the influence of heat, pressure, and chemical action, a sparkling and highly crystalline character. Remains of the *ozocon* are not however confined to Canada. They have since been found in the serpentine of Tyree, on the west of Scotland, as well as in the "Irish green" marble of Connemara. The upper beds may be taken as the equivalents of the lower Cambrian series of the "Longmynd," in which countless myriads of annelids and other foraminiferous classes are piled up to not less than a mile in thickness. They are traced too in the "fundamental gneiss" of the Scandinavian hills. We should by no means be surprised to hear that the congeners of these delicate protoplasmic had been brought to light in the lower slaty beds about Church Stretton. Those of the lower Laurentian deposits are, indeed, throughout distinct from those of the Cambrian group, and are probably as much anterior to them in date as the Cambrian

* *Geology for General Readers.* By David Page, F.R.S.E., F.G.S., &c. Edinburgh and London: Blackwood & Sons. 1866.

are to the Silurian. Nay, there seems to be little doubt that the united thickness of the upper and lower beds, together with that of the superposed Huronian series, surpasses that of all succeeding rocks from the base of the Paleozoic epoch to the present time. The primordial fauna is thus carried back to a point far beyond the appearance of the *lingula* flags which, in the opinion of many geologists, till lately marked the dawn of organized life. At one stroke the supposed age of organic forms upon our globe has been virtually doubled.

Few chapters in geological history possess more interest than that which is usually known as the Glacial epoch. Of the important problem which it presents, and which remains still to a great extent unsolved, Mr. Page has given a clear and admirable summary. His sketch furnishes a fair and impartial account of the conflicting views that prevail as to the physical conditions of the period, and the causes by which those conditions were produced. The range of the great ice epoch seems to have extended over the higher latitudes of Europe, Asia, and North America to about the 40th or 42nd parallel of latitude. Within these limits it long held its iron sway, annihilating, or all but annihilating, terrestrial life. It ground and moulded the land-surface as no other agent but ice can do; and it loaded the bottom of the ocean with miscellaneous masses of mud, shingle, and boulders, torn from beds in some cases at an enormous distance. This paucity of life, these polished and striated surfaces, and these heterogeneous accumulations are the principal proofs of the conditions of the Glacial epoch:—

At first it seems evident that towards the close of the tertiary period the climate of a large portion of the northern hemisphere was gradually growing colder and colder. In all likelihood the land was somewhat higher than it is now, and as this cold increased, the loftier mountains would become perennially enveloped with snow and glacier, and the surrounding seas with an annual covering of ice. Under this increasing rigour all the more delicate tertiary plants and animals would succumb, and those endowed with greater elasticity of constitution would shift ground to lower and more southern situations. As the cold still increased, the ice-sheet seems to have spread itself even over the lower grounds, to have pushed its way out to sea, and during the thaw and currents of a brief summer to have been drifted off in floes and bergs, as the ice is now from the coasts of the arctic and antarctic regions. At this stage the terrestrial flora and fauna would be at their minimum, and paralleled, perhaps, by what we now find in Greenland and the islands of the Arctic Ocean. During this setting-in of the glacial epoch, the land, as we shall shortly see, seems to have been gradually subsiding, and this subsidence went on to the extent of 1,800 or 2,000 feet below the existing sea-level, converting a large portion of what is now Europe and America into series of frozen straits and ice-clad islands. When the land seems to have been at its greatest depression the cold appears to have attained its greatest intensity, and at this stage we have the zenith and turning-point of the glacial period. After the lapse, perhaps, of ages, a reverse action sets in; the land begins to be re-elevated; a new cycle of temperature commences; and the cold, though still clinging in snow and glacier to the higher hills, is less felt along the lower grounds and neighbouring sea-shores. By and by, as the elevation continues, the glaciers melt away from the hill-sides; the icebergs and ice-packs disappear from the seas; the general climate improves; plants and land animals in newer species gradually take possession of the land; and the existing order of things is imperceptibly established. Such seem to have been the setting-in, the creeping-on, the culmination, and the departure of the glacial epoch.

Upon the important question whether any portion of the human race were spectators of these regions in their icebound state we do not find Mr. Page speaking with much decision. He is too cautious to commit himself to any absolute conclusion upon a point so open to speculation; but he appears, on the whole, to incline towards the view which brings man upon the scene before that final epoch in the tertiary period which freed the lower lands of Europe and Asia from their glacial shroud, confining it thenceforth to the elevated tracts that constitute our Alpine range. There can, of course, be no reason why our primordial fathers should not have found existence as secure and as enjoyable when perpetual snow rested on the Scottish hills, and when glaciers scooped out and scored our English valleys, as the Swiss mountaineer does in the bosom of his dearly-loved mountains. A few thousand feet in elevation, together with a different set of the prevailing air-currents consequent upon a changed configuration of the earth's surface, would suffice to establish the whole change of climate in question. With regard to the general problem of man's first appearance on the earth, and the traces of his primordial condition, these pages contain an excellent summary of all the facts that have been brought together by the industry of the latest and best explorers; and the writer's statement of the results will not fail to approve itself to all those who are content with sound and trustworthy, although cautious and tentative induction, rather than rush to dogmatic and wholly premature conclusions. Equally careful and conscientious is Mr. Page's treatment of the conflicting theories concerning man's place in the general order of creation, his relation to lower forms of animal life, and his possible future in the grand chain of vital development. With sufficient grasp of the principle of unity and progressive evolution in nature to win the favour of all but the most ultra-advocate of the "development" theory, he combines a regard for the fixity of types, and a reverence for the pervading rule of an intelligent will, which may satisfy all but those fanatics who would hopelessly sever science from religion. Altogether, we know no book which within so brief a compass contains so much sound, clear, and interesting information for those who would begin to make acquaintance with the globe on which they live.

THE WORKS OF ROGER ASCHAM.*

IT may admit of a question whether the Whole Works of Roger Ascham are worth revising and publishing in a collected form, but we know of no reason for exempting such a work from the application of the general proposition, that "what is worth doing at all is worth doing well." People may reasonably entertain different opinions as to the value of this or that work of Ascham, but there can be only one opinion as to the mode in which Dr. Giles has executed the task he proposed to himself when he undertook the superintendence of a new edition, comprising the works and the life of the author. It would be very difficult to find another work so miserably executed. We have not a word to say in its praise. Little or no trouble has been taken with any part of it. There has been neither competent editorial research nor adequate supervision in the printing. We cannot always nicely distinguish between errors of the press and editorial blunders, but the false readings that are due to these causes combined may be counted by hundreds.

The *Schoolmaster* is the most popular, and beyond all question the most valuable, of the English works of Ascham. A work which had a run of six editions within twenty years, and, after a slumber of more than a century, has been revised and published in a separate form twice in the eighteenth century, and once again in the nineteenth, must have considerable merit. And, indeed, it would well repay an attentive reading, not only because of the interesting information it contains as regards the opinions of eminent men of that day on the subject of school-keeping and education generally, but for the valuable practical hints which it furnishes to those whose business it may be to teach, and who have not had much preparation for their office. The latest reprint of the *Schoolmaster* is that edited by J. E. B. Mayor, which was published in 1863; and though we cannot follow Dr. Giles in his expression of "regret that the able and learned editor did not extend his plan by giving us a complete edition of his favourite Ascham's works," we may at least venture to express our opinion that, had he done so, we should have had a set of volumes very superior to anything that Dr. Giles has produced.

As regards the other English works, the two principal publications are the *Toxophilus* and the *Discourse on Germany*. Both have been reprinted in a separate form, but we suppose are never likely to appear again in a complete collection of the author's writings; yet the latter has a sort of historical value, as it contains the views and opinions of an eye-witness of the state of affairs at the Emperor's Court during the years 1550-2. We may notice that the last edition of the Collected English Works appeared in an 8vo. volume in 1815, and as its issue was limited to 250 copies, it does not appear that there was much demand anticipated for it, whilst the interval of half a century since its publication seems to show that the publishers were right in their modest estimate of its probable sale. However, it is no reason for depreciating a book that it is not likely to have a wide circulation. We should have warmly welcomed the *Whole Works of Roger Ascham* if they had really been what they profess, and if proper care had been taken in revising and editing them. And though we do not attach much value to some of them, yet, as will be seen presently, the letters are very important both in a literary and historical point of view.

We have implied that the publication is not what it professes to be. In fact it does not contain the whole works of the author. And our first desideratum is the *Apologia pro Censu Dominicâ contra Missam et ejus Prestigias*. Dr. Giles was aware of the existence of such a work; indeed he could hardly have looked into Lowndes' *Bibliographer's Manual* without finding it. But he has exercised a somewhat wide discretion in designedly omitting it from his collection, together with the *Themata Theologica*, which appear in the same volume, assigning as his reason that it would have been an affront to the reader's patience to rescue any of these theological treatises from oblivion by reprinting them with Ascham's other works. Dr. Giles candidly adds that, besides these, Ascham published the Commentaries of *Ecumenius* (we suppose this means *Ecumenius*). This, being merely a translation of a portion of *Ecumenius's* Greek collections into Latin, might fairly have been omitted, but the *Apologia* is a work of real importance, as indicating Ascham's opinion on a subject which was at the time much in debate.

It is but fair that we should substantiate the accusations we are bringing against the editor. And, first, as regards such blunders as may be attributed to his deputy, if he assigned the revision of the text to somebody else, and reserved to himself the more important part of an editor's labours. The book is full of mistakes. We do not know whether they abound more in the English, the Latin, or the Greek printing. We open the first volume at random, at pp. 66, 67, and find on the left-hand page the word *τροπή*, on the right-hand side *rediman*. We turn to another part of the same volume, where we have an opportunity of comparing the text of a letter from Sir John Cheke to Matthew Parker with the copy which appears in the carefully edited volume of Parker's Correspondence, and we find at least three mistakes in little more than a page. It was not at all likely that so good a Latin scholar as Sir John Cheke would have committed such a solecism as to write *Intellegimus* for *Intelleximus*, and the editors of the Parker Society volume have no doubt

* The *Whole Works of Roger Ascham*, now first collected and revised, with a Life of the Author. By the Rev. Dr. Giles, formerly Fellow of C. C. C. Oxford. 3 vols. London: John Russell Smith, Soho Square. 1865.

correctly printed from the MS. at Cambridge. We say no more of mere errors of the press, if errors of the press they are. They abound throughout these volumes; but the error in Cheke's letter leads us on to remark on defects which cannot be attributed to the printer or the sub-editor, if such there was. Dr. Giles, then, has made no allusion, for the most part, to the original sources of these letters, and in most cases has evidently not referred to them himself. Now the chief value of a new edition of Ascham's Letters would have consisted in the supply of marginal references to the originals whenever such could be found, and, in default of the holographs, to the oldest extant copies in MS. or in print. Such references would have enabled the reader to test the accuracy of the editor in any case where he might have reason to doubt it, and would have afforded some guarantee that the letters had really been revised, and were produced in a better form than in the older editions. But Dr. Giles's neglect as regards the less important portion of Ascham's works has extended also to the letters. We cannot discover that anything has been done beyond what is implied in an attempt, frequently unsuccessful, to arrange them in chronological order. There is something absolutely ridiculous in altering the order of the older edition from which he prints, and then preserving the old headings. When four letters are printed together addressed to the same person, it is of course natural to head the last three with the word *Eidem*, to save the trouble of repeating the name. But Dr. Giles has, in more than one instance, made *Eidem* do duty for four different persons. It serves in one place for Raiton, Wriothesley, Thurlby (Dr. Giles's method of spelling the name of Thirlby, the first and last Bishop of Westminster), and Gardiner; in another for Edward IV., Archbishop Cranmer, Sir W. Paget, and Sir A. Denny. These are small mistakes, which of course are not likely to mislead anybody. It is a mistake of greater consequence when letters are entirely misplaced, as, for instance, in cases where they are dated in the first three months of the year *secundum computationem Ecclesie Anglicane*. Dr. Giles is aware that there was such a mode of reckoning, but he believes that Roger Ascham departed from the usual practice of his countrymen, and adopted the foreign style. Now, if he had paid the slightest attention to the historical allusions in these letters, he would have seen that Ascham, when writing in England, always used the style which all other Englishmen used. Dr. Giles's "careful inquiry" into this subject does not seem to have extended into the precincts of the Record Office. Had he looked through the volumes of State Papers of the reign of Elizabeth, he would not only have come to a right conclusion instead of a wrong one as to Ascham's method of dating, but he would also have found some more holographs with which to enrich his edition. Mr. Stevenson's foreign series of Calendars, as it proceeds, will probably enable us to detect other defects. At the present moment we can only fix on one such omission of a holograph letter dated January 20, 1560, which was plainly written at the beginning of the year 1561, according to the modern fashion of dating.

Again, errors of printing, and mistakes in chronology, are not the only faults we have to find. We may call the reader's attention to two letters of the reign of Philip and Mary, which will serve to show the correctness of our opinion that a good edition of Ascham's Letters would be a valuable boon to literary and historical inquirers, and at the same time will prove how far the present edition is from answering any reasonable expectations in this direction. At p. 419 of the first volume we have a letter headed as follows:—"On behalf of Domina E. T., petitioning for the relief of her husband." The letter is addressed by a lady to Philip of Spain, entreating that her prayers might be heard in the same sense in which those of her sisters-in-law had already been granted for the liberation of their husbands. The husband's name is given as D. Amb. D. Now it does not require much sagacity to guess that such a description might probably stand for Lord Ambrose Dudley, who, with his brothers, had been imprisoned on the charge of having abetted their father's attempt to secure the throne for his daughter-in-law, Lady Jane Grey, and having been concerned in the subsequent insurrection headed by Sir Thomas Wyatt. But the reader will naturally ask who Domina E. T. is. And the solution of this difficulty is not far to seek, for Lord Ambrose Dudley had married for his second wife Elizabeth Talboys, daughter of Sir Gilbert Talboys. It is really difficult to imagine such a want of curiosity as Dr. Giles exhibits. One would have thought that a very slight acquaintance with history would have suggested the explanation, and an equally small amount of research would have confirmed the conjecture. We may add that, though this letter has not now been printed for the first time, it conveys information which we believe has never been made use of by historians. Even Dr. Lingard, whose facts are so remarkably accurate, has spoken of the sons of Northumberland all being released at once, January 18, 1555; but the letter we have been discussing plainly proves that Lord Ambrose was not set at liberty till some time after his brothers' release, which must have taken place before November 8, 1554. The second letter is a letter partly of gratitude, and partly containing a second request that the lady's hereditary property forfeited on the score of her husband's treason might be restored to her. In this there are two points worthy of notice. First, there is an allusion to the fact, which is otherwise known, that she inherited all the property of her father, Sir Gilbert, having succeeded to it at the death of her brother George, Lord Talboys. Secondly, there is an interesting passage which throws a little light upon the character of the Queen whom Protestants delight to call Bloody

Mary. It appears that, though the petitioner's large estates had been forfeited to the Crown, the Queen had of her own free clemency restored to her the annual income, and what she now humbly requested was that there might be a patent under the Great Seal for the actual restoration of the property itself. We shall say no more than that Dr. Giles has made no attempt to explain these two interesting letters, which are left in their own obscurity to escape the notice of nine out of every ten readers, and fruitlessly to excite the curiosity of the tenth, who probably might neither have historical knowledge enough to settle the question for himself, nor access to works which might solve the difficulty for him.

One other instance shall be given, to preclude Dr. Giles from sheltering himself under the defence that he has but fallen into a few mistakes, such as "aut incuria fudit, aut humana parum cavit natura." We take it almost at random from the letters of the reign of Elizabeth. At p. 39 of the second volume we observe that No. 49 of the series is addressed to an unknown correspondent, complaining of his ambassador "Episcopus Aquilanus." Is the Bishop of Aquila so very obscure a person that Dr. Giles could find no clue to help him in finding out from whose Court he came?

Lastly, let us make one remark on the biography. As might be expected, it contains the results of no new researches. It looks like a mere *réchauffé* of the Life in the *Biographia Britannica*, supplemented by the insertion of a few translations from some of the Latin letters which appear in the subsequent volumes. We have no allusion to Ascham's intimacy with Buchanan, no notice of what is told of him in so common a book as Irving's *Life of Buchanan*, and scarcely any attempt at an estimate of the character and abilities of the man who managed to steer clear through the reigns of Edward and Mary into that of Elizabeth without offending any of the dominant party in either of those reigns. It may not be possible now to throw much light upon the degree in which Roger Ascham was addicted to cock-fighting and gambling; but we submit that it is disappointing, when we are expecting to hear something which may illustrate the character of a man who has earned a high place in the literature of the sixteenth century, to be beaten off the scent with the puerile remark that "he was fond of roasted chestnuts."

A SON OF THE SOIL.*

IF it is the business of a novel to be interesting or entertaining, the very mild adventures of the Scotch Son of the Soil, from his boyhood to his entry into the Scotch ministry, can scarcely be said to conform to the approved type. To be victorious over the objections of a petty local Presbytery, and be finally accepted as the minister of a little Scotch parish, is a very fine thing, we admit, but, as a climax of a story, it is perhaps a trifle too tame. It is a pity, too, that novelists will not understand that the intellectual doubts and struggles of lads, even when they are Scotch lads, are not the most lively reading in the world for grown-up people. The severe persons who read *Macmillan's Magazine*, where the story first appeared, would no doubt beg us solemnly to question ourselves whether it is not more fitting in an earnest world to find such diversion as human weakness cries out for in the mental conflicts of a Scotch boy than in the frivolous babblings of young ladies and their sweethearts so elaborately chronicled by Mr. Trollope. It is extremely unfortunate that the human mind should need any recreation at all, but, as we cannot completely remove this sad defect of our mental constitution, the least we can do is to make our recreation as like exceedingly hard labour as we possibly can. There is something to be said for this austere theory of novel-reading, and nothing is more wonderful than the impositions which those who hold the theory manage to put upon themselves. A Scotch boy, full of zeal for his national Church, but yet inclined to "long and struggle to find reasonableness, coherence, any recognisable, comprehensible cause, for the baffling arrangements and disarrangements, the mysterious inequalities and injustices of life," is just the right kind of hero for those people who are a great deal too fearfully in earnest to be able to bear anything like mere amusement. Nevertheless, rather more allowance should have been made by the author for those weaker brethren in whom the old Adam still survives, and still craves in one's leisure hours for the frivolities of novels of a more old-fashioned type. If a man has done a hard day's work, and wants to throw care off his mind for half an hour before dinner or before bed-time, is he altogether unpardonable for preferring the pleasant lovers' chat of Mr. Trollope to the "longings and strugglings" of Scotch boys? It is surely rather hard upon him to expect him at such times to read how the Scotch boy "wanted to trace the thread of reason which God kept in His own hand; he wanted to make out why the Father who loved all should dispense so unequally, so differently, His gifts to one and another."

Our Son of the Soil is in truth a sort of Scotch *Télémaque*. His adventures remind one of nothing so much as that unimpeachably correct, but wonderfully and fearfully dreary, French classic. The part of Mentor, wisest and most dismal of bores, is played by a gaunt philosopher, who accompanies the youthful hero through the world, and improves every possible occasion with a persistency and at a length that would, we fancy, have filled with undreamt delights a Highland congregation in the old and palmy days of preaching. A man of this stamp is becoming rather a fixture in the

* *A Son of the Soil*. 2 vols. London: Macmillan & Co. 1866.

modern serious novel. The character first came over from America, we believe, and has obtained a vogue among the earnest only to be compared with that of Rip van Winkle or the Christy Minstrels among the light-minded. His special function is to walk about through the course of the story, like an old chorus, perpetually expatiating, in a half-cynical, half-pious, wholly irreverent strain, upon the order of the universe and all other things in general. He is very like Socrates—only without his wisdom, it is true, and this makes some difference. A blunt manner, a miserably poor opinion of the rest of the world, a doubting sort of patronage extended to the Deity, make up the characteristic habits of these delightful philosophers. "Do you think God is like a restless woman," exclaims the Mentor of the Son of the Soil on one occasion, "and never can be done meddling?" Another time he says to a dying man who is talking of heaven, "If you feel a wee lonely at the first—I'm no profane, callant; you're but a man when a's done, or rather a laddie, and you'll surely miss your friends—dinna forget how long and how often we'll think of you." The only point in these and a hundred other things of exactly the same ring is the introduction of a certain familiarity into discourse on serious things. After all, it is only a sheer affectation of force to procure an effect by bringing two ideas so incongruous as "God" and a "restless woman" into the relation of subject and predicate, or by talking of a man feeling a little lonely when he first lands in heaven. This kind of talk is commonly dignified, by the people who have a taste for it, by the title of homely philosophy. The homeliness is pretty plain. The philosophy is harder to detect. A very little of it may serve a turn, but a gaunt chorus, standing by, as the story goes on, ready to run off, in season and out of season, into a manuring expansion of the terse apophthegm that most people are fools, is a simple nuisance.

Yet the author gives plenty of signs that he possesses a real kind of insight. Except the chorus of one, which is as artificial as anything can be, all his work is marked by truth and sincerity. He perceives that life is a collection of facts which the old cut-and-dried theories do not altogether explain or account for. But this perception comes to him on the philosophic or rather the theological side, and not on the poetic or artistic side. And in a novel or any other form of art this must necessarily be a fatal defect. There are good sermons, though not many, and there are good novels. But it is a mistake to confound the two, or to suppose that fiction is the proper medium for conveying what is in truth the substance of a treatise. A series of philosophic or theological dialogues, with bits of description of mental states between them, does not make a novel. In a novel we either want something that is simply entertaining, or else we want a picture of deep and broad human interest, appealing to wide and common sympathies. The Scotch youth is assuredly not entertaining, neither are his experiences of a kind to touch us with any real interest. This is not perhaps the fault of the experiences, but of the light and colour in which they are represented. Simply put, they come to this. A lad born in Scotland, a son of the soil, but full of genius and ambition, goes to college, and, earning all sorts of distinctions, has a career opened out before him which might satisfy all his aspirations. But a pretty and fascinating flirt, of rank far above his own, is thrown in his path, or perhaps throws herself in it, attracted by his originality and force. She is only in sport, however, while he is fully in earnest. The wiles of this well-bred young Delilah are at length accidentally revealed to her faithful Samson, and he manfully makes his escape away from them. This episode is really well done. The Delilah is scarcely more than just sketched, but as a sketch it is excellent. There is real play and movement, too, in the hero. But at the opening of the second volume he falls in with a young man of ultra-Evangelical views, who is fast dying of consumption. The unhappy wretch insists upon seizing everybody he meets, and expatiating on the vanity of earth and the importance of making peace with heaven, in a strange fanatical jargon. This odd parody of a certain theory of religion is composed with some force, only the worst of it is that we cannot see why so much pains should be given by the author, and so much attention demanded from the reader, for a consumptive fanatic. The elaborate description of his protracted struggle with death for the last four-and-twenty hours of his existence makes one of the ugliest scenes that ever were composed. It is simply painful, and with that kind of pain which has no more place in art than a life-like description of a cancerous disorder. After this, we wander dimly over a long flat swamp of poorish narrative to the end. The dead man has left a sister to whom the hero betroths himself, not because he is in love with her, nor indeed for any reason in particular, except that she is lonely. In due time, after a certain opposition from the ordinary obdurate father, they are married, the hero not finding in her all that his dreams of the ideal woman suggested, but on the whole decidedly content with his lot, and very anxious to head some movement in the Scotch Kirk. The general impression is, that if the hero had been one's intimate personal friend, we should have felt some slight interest in learning all these details about him, which make up half the story. But the hero is not a personal friend, and as the author has not the art of creating his character so that we should be disposed to get up a factitious interest in him, the little tiny events and mimic crises which overtake him affect us not at all. Even when he gains his fellowship at Balliol, our pulse is ever so slightly quickened. He would scarcely have been worth his salt as hero if he had done less. The author confesses

at one point that "it is a difficult matter to tell the story of a man's life without wearying the audience," and on this very excellent ground he spares us a too minute record of all the circumstances attending his hero's probation as minister in Scotland. But the difficulty arises much less in the man's life and in the audience than in the writer's point of view. In the present case the writer has attended so exclusively to local colouring that he has forgotten the necessity for imparting a broad and comprehensive interest to the whole. A novelist must lay his scenes somewhere, and, wherever it may be, he ought clearly to paint the accessories as well as he can. But accessories are only accessories, and if there is nothing else they become a wearisome burden to us. The Scotch mother, in the present story, and the simple country life and the other surroundings of the hero—always excepting the prosing philosopher—are capital, but something is wanted to give us an interest in it all. There is no key to the composition. A boy "strongly anchored to his hereditary creed, and yet feeling its practical deficiencies," is well enough in his way, but nobody, we suspect, will be very sorry to lose sight of him when he is just discovering that it is not such an easy thing "to mellow the rude goodness of Scotland, and link her again to all the solemn past, to all the good and gracious present, to all the tender lights and dreams of hope." The writer has worked honestly and sincerely, only this is no guarantee against being tedious.

LIFE OF PRESIDENT LINCOLN.*

(Second Notice.)

IMEDIATELY on his installation Mr. Lincoln found himself surrounded with a countless swarm of office-seekers, whose importunity drew from him one of the sharpest of his characteristic sallies. "I am like a man so busy in letting rooms at one end of his house that he has no time to put out a fire at the other." But the conflagration compelled his attention. Commissioners from the seceding States presented themselves, authorized by the Confederate Government to treat for the peaceful surrender of the forts still held by the Federal troops within the frontiers of the Gulf States, and to adjust all questions with regard to the debts and property of the Union. Mr. Lincoln refused to acknowledge their commission, or to grant them an audience; but informal negotiations of great importance took place, which Mr. Raymond entirely suppresses. Careful readers, however, will see that the narrative on pp. 170-171 contains only a fragment of the story it professes to tell. The facts, as known from other sources, were these. Mr. Seward pledged himself that no attempt should be made to relieve Fort Sumter without notice given to the Commissioners beforehand. They, in return, promised that it should not be attacked, and kept their word. An expedition was fitted out at New York, and sailed secretly; and only when it was supposed to have reached Charleston was notice given that Fort Sumter would be relieved. Hence the bombardment, of which so much was made by the Government and the war party of the North. Clumsy as the narrative before us is, those who read it attentively cannot fail to see that the real responsibility of the collision rested with the Federal Government; that, if they had been allowed to provision Fort Sumter, they might have reinforced it also; and that, after notice was given, the Southern Government had no choice but to compel the immediate surrender of the fort, or risk the safety of Charleston.

Mr. Lincoln called out 75,000 Volunteers to enable him to repossess himself of the forts and property of the United States, and to collect the duties and imposts; "but beyond what is necessary for this purpose there will be no invasion, nor any use of force against or among the people." If Mr. Lincoln really meant to keep this promise, he was singularly blind to the meaning of the events that were passing before his eyes, and was more absolutely at the mercy of circumstances than any one deserving the name of statesman could possibly have been. Events hurried him along. The summons was followed by the secession of the Border States; the passage of the Northern troops provoked a rising in Baltimore; the Unionist feeling in the North grew daily stronger and more passionate, carrying with it the leaders who, like Seward and Greeley, had declared that the South should be allowed to go if she wished it; and, almost without any determination or action of his own, in violation of his promises, and in defiance of the opinions repeatedly professed by himself and his principal partisans, President Lincoln found himself committed to a war of conquest. Only a few weeks had elapsed since he had uttered the words above quoted, when the Unionist army invaded Virginia, in full expectation of "trampling out the rebellion" by a march upon Richmond.

Mr. Lincoln was as little prepared as any of his countrymen for the real magnitude of the task he had undertaken; and his eyes, like theirs, were first opened by the battle of Bull Run. Like them, he met the disaster firmly and resolutely. The most capable officer of those who were known to the Government by their previous services was employed to organize the Federal army, and he did his work efficiently. How far Mr. Lincoln personally controlled the operations in the field is not clear; that he and his Cabinet meddled at first most unwisely and ignorantly, and that afterwards they learnt by experience to leave the conduct of the

* *History of the Administration of President Lincoln.* From Official Documents and Private Papers, some of which have not before been published. By the Hon. Henry J. Raymond. London: Stevens Brothers. 1865.

campaign chiefly to the general in command, is all that can be said with certainty. McClellan had some reason to complain of the way in which he was hampered by the President's fears for the safety of Washington. But his failure on the Chickahominy was complete, and his subsequent dismissal may have been justifiable. His correspondence is given at great length in this volume, and does credit to the gentleness and forbearance of the President. Considering the General's excessive caution, his ridiculous exaggeration of the forces opposed to him—which, both before Richmond and at Antietam, were less than half what he stated them to be (200,000 and 100,000 being his estimates)—his querulous temper, and his incessant complaints of his superiors, we are compelled to admit that Mr. Lincoln had more reason to be dissatisfied with him than at the time of his removal was generally supposed. The successive promotions of Pope, Burnside, and Hooker perplexed all rational observers at the time, and still remain unaccountable. But when the war had brought forward two generals of unquestioned superiority, Mr. Lincoln acknowledged their merit and deferred to their judgment; and some share of the glory gained by Grant and Sherman must be fairly claimed for the chief who appointed and steadily upheld them.

Something, too, of the disgrace which attaches to all the Northern generals except McClellan, and especially to Sheridan, Sherman, Butler, Pope, and McNeill, must for ever mar the fame of him who could by a word have prevented, and by a stroke of the pen have punished, their crimes. Lincoln was not a cruel man; his personal disposition was gentle and kindly; but no modern conqueror, except Napoleon, was responsible for so many cruel violations of the humaner usages of war perpetrated by his permission or by his orders. Plunder and devastation were not exceptional incidents, but invariable principles, of Northern warfare; and, if so, it was because Mr. Lincoln so willed it. The ravage of the Shenandoah Valley, the indiscriminate destruction which attended Sherman's march, reflect as much disgrace on the President as on the General. Mr. Lincoln not only did not punish, he upheld and implicitly approved, the brutal insult offered by General Butler to the women of New Orleans, and the cold-blooded murders committed by McNeill and others in the West; his is the responsibility for the execution of Confederate officers at New York, and the confinement of the dashing General Morgan in a felon's cell in Ohio. Such outrages on the laws of war—weakening, as they do, the sanction which precedent alone affords to the restraints imposed by chivalry upon the passions that war excites—are offences against the common interest of mankind, and no political sympathy or personal respect should induce us to speak of those who commit, or allow, them, without strong and emphatic reprobation. It must, however, be admitted that Mr. Lincoln appears to have sinned chiefly from a belief that military severities practised upon the Southern people at large would affect their will and ability to resist more effectually than the legitimate operations of the invading army, and would compel an earlier submission. A larger experience and higher views of policy would have taught him that this, like all other calculations of advantage to be derived from crime, was mistaken; that cruelties inflicted on a defenceless people may embitter war, and endanger the retreat of the offending forces, but can never break the spirit or shorten the resistance of the army. Still, so far as it may serve him, Mr. Lincoln is entitled to the admission that he had no love of cruelty or of destruction; and that, when the war was over, his first impulses were as generous, and as far removed from any disposition to take life or property by way of retributive vengeance, as the policy of his successor has been.

For the part which he took in the abolition of slavery, Mr. Lincoln has received much undeserved applause. It is perfectly clear that he entered into the war pledged and resolved not to meddle with the institution. He rebuked Fremont for interfering with it in Missouri, and approved and upheld General Butler's ingenious evasion which, pronouncing negroes "contraband of war," practically avoided the dilemma of either formally emancipating or restoring them to their masters. When urged to publish a proclamation of freedom to the slaves, he peremptorily refused, comparing the proposed edict to "the Pope's Bull against the comet." Circumstances and his party were, however, on this as on other occasions, too strong for him, and within a few weeks he gave way, reluctantly indeed, and avowing his own doubts of the wisdom of the step. The event, however, justified its policy. The war party in the North were, without an important exception, enemies of slavery, and rejoiced in the opportunity of striking, under cover of the war power, a blow which constitutional principles had hitherto restrained; the hostility of the South could not be increased, and the addition of a negro force, estimated by the President himself at 200,000 men, to the Federal armies far more than counterbalanced the slightly aggravated disaffection of the Border States. The total defeat of the Democrats, who made this unconstitutional measure one of the principal points of their case in the elections of 1864, showed that the action of Mr. Lincoln was fully approved by the majority of his constituents; and there can be little doubt that it contributed, though in a much less degree than extreme Abolitionists had hoped, to the triumph of the Federal arms.

Towards the end of January, 1865, the Confederate Government made a last effort to obtain by negotiation some part at least of what they had no longer a reasonable hope of winning by force of arms. But by this time Mr. Lincoln saw that the end was at

hand, and he determined to yield nothing of the advantage that victory would give him. Rather to conciliate some considerable men of his own party who believed that the South might consent to reunion, than in any expectation of a satisfactory result, he agreed to meet the Southern Commissioners at Fortress Monroe. But, as he insisted on the disbandment of the Southern armies, the restoration of the Union, and the abandonment of slavery—terms which it was obvious that the South would never accept while she had an army in the field—the interview was fruitless. Grant pressed on his operations; Sherman pushed forward through the Carolinas, where the Confederates had no army capable of resisting him; and the utter hopelessness of the struggle became daily more obvious, even to the warmest friends of the South.

In the close of 1864, the Presidential contest resulted in the re-election of Mr. Lincoln. Since Andrew Jackson, no President had served a second term. But the Republicans, availing themselves of the lukewarmness of the Democrats in regard to the war, and of the popular enthusiasm roused by the capture of Atlanta, were masters of the field; and no member of the Republican party could pretend to rival Lincoln in influence and popularity. His renomination by the Convention was almost inevitable; his success followed as of course on his nomination. His second Presidency commenced on the 4th of March, 1865; and his inaugural speech surprised and impressed both friends and foes by the gravity, calmness, and dignity of its tone. Mr. Lincoln's mind had evidently grown to the level of his position, and the levities and vulgarities of his earlier harangues had wholly disappeared in this, his last great speech. As if oppressed by a presentiment of his coming fate, he spoke of the present and the future in a tone of sadness which was somewhat remarkable amid the general hopes kindled by the progress of the military operations. Richmond was then hard pressed; and, just one month after that inaugural speech was delivered, President Lincoln entered the Confederate capital amid the shouts of the negroes and the silent sorrow and humiliation of the white inhabitants, and took up his quarters, with a want of delicacy which did not pass unnoticed, in the abandoned house of Mr. Davis. Within a week came the news of General Lee's surrender. Five days later, as Mr. Lincoln sat in his box at Ford's Theatre, the object of universal attention to a crowded audience, the assassin's bullet passed through his brain. Without an instant's alarm, without a start or a groan, probably without even feeling the blow, Mr. Lincoln passed from life to death. As the ball struck him, his head dropped slightly forward, and, though he breathed for some hours, he never gave another sign of consciousness.

Such a death is called horrible, and horrible it was in its effect on the minds of those who witnessed and who heard of it. To the victim it was probably the easiest and most painless by which he could have perished. No murder recorded in history produced a more violent and wide-spread burst of sorrow and indignation. Not only Mr. Lincoln's partisans and admirers, but those who most strongly condemned his policy and his cause, united to execrate his murderer. Booth might, it is true, have pleaded the commonplace apologies for tyrannicide; which, as Mr. Mill assures us, is an act, not of assassination, but of civil war. He would, no doubt, have argued that he had "struck down a citizen who by his own act had placed himself above the laws," who had violated the Constitution he had sworn to obey, who had trampled out the rights and liberties of a free State (Maryland), who had extinguished in oceans of blood the hopes of a gallant nation. Yet not one of the ordinary apologists of such crimes had a word to say for Booth. Partly because, for the first time, their favourite doctrine had been turned against a friend—partly because they felt that Mr. Lincoln was but the chief and agent of his party and his people, and that the responsibility of his deeds was national, and not personal—they denounced Booth as if they had never honoured Brutus or approved Orsini. Of course Lincoln was not personally a tyrant; neither, by the way, was Caesar, nor perhaps Napoleon III.; but in the eyes of a citizen of Virginia or Maryland he was as much the usurper of popular rights, as much the military despot, the invader, the oppressor, as the Dictator appeared to a Pompeian, or the protector of the Pope to a Mazzinian. Perhaps the apologists of tyrannicide, unconvinced as they are by the elaborate arguments of moralists and the strong instinct of Christian nations, may be staggered and sobered by the reflection that every argument that will support their doctrine in any case applies in this crucial instance, and that every palliation which may be suggested for the guilt of Harnodius and Aristogiteon ensures to the benefit of their latest imitator. If anything can disabuse political fanatics of an immoral and anarchical sophism, it does not seem too much to hope that the world has heard the last of that execrable doctrine which was too faithfully carried out, amidst the consternation and abhorrence of mankind, by the murderer of Abraham Lincoln.

THE HOMES OF THE WORKING-CLASSES.*

IT is a hopeful symptom in recent sanitary progress that its advocates are now in a position to take the need of improvement for granted, and to address themselves, almost without preface, to the suggestion of methods for carrying it out. A few years since, such a work as *The Homes of the Working-Classes* would have been mainly occupied with a description of what those homes really are; to-day the author is able to leave that half

* *The Homes of the Working-Classes.* By James Hole. Published under the Sanction of the Society of Arts. London: Longmans & Co. 1866.

of his subject almost untouched, and to devote the greater part of his space to the consideration how they are to be made what they ought to be. The most valuable feature in Mr. Hole's essay is the detailed account which it gives of several of the most important efforts hitherto made towards providing working-men with decent houses. What has been done once may be done again, and the success of a single self-supporting building scheme is the best argument that can be devised for repeating the attempt elsewhere. Three great manufacturers in the North have undertaken to found complete villages for the artisans in their employ. Mr. Salt has built Saltaire; Mr. Akroyd, Akroyd and Copley; Mr. Crossley, West Hill Park. At Saltaire there is a handsome church, a public kitchen and dining-room, and baths and wash-houses; while, in addition to these buildings, a school, a lecture-room, an infirmary, and an almshouse are either designed or in progress. There are 560 houses already built, and the village is ultimately to contain several hundreds more. Those intended for workmen consist of a living-room and kitchen on the ground floor, and three bedrooms on the upper floor, besides a cellar and pantry in the basement. In the overlookers' houses the living-room and kitchen are larger, and there are more bedrooms. The respective cost of the two classes of house was 120*l.* and 200*l.*, exclusive of the purchase of land and the formation of streets and drains. Unfortunately Mr. Hole is extremely vague upon the question of profit. "The rents of the houses range from 2*s.* 4*d.* to 7*s.* 6*d.* per week, and do not offer a very great return upon the capital laid out, being only 4 per cent." Four per cent. on what? On the cost of the houses simply, or on the cost inclusive of the purchase of land and the formation of streets and drains? We assume, of course, that the special features in the plan—the church and other common buildings—are Mr. Salt's own gift. Copley, Mr. Akroyd's first experiment, contains three blocks of double houses placed back to back, besides a church, school, and news-room. The houses in the first block contain a living-room and two bedrooms, with cellars for coals and provisions, and were erected at a cost of 120*l.* each. In the other blocks each house has only one bedroom, the living-room being used at night as a second. In this way a saving of 20*l.* was effected in the second block, and (owing to reduction in the price of materials) of 30*l.* in the third block; the change, however, being made "reluctantly on the part of the landlord, in order to accommodate a different class of tenants who were unwilling to pay the rental affixed to the more complete dwelling." In this case, the average interest on the outlay is about 4½ per cent.—again, of course, excluding the church and the common buildings. The arrangement of the Copley houses back to back has been much and justly blamed, though in the open country, where "fresh air is to be had by opening the windows, the disadvantages of the plan are less observable than usual." At Akroyd the houses are of six different sizes, and the cost varies from 136*l.* to 460*l.* each. They have been built in connection with a building society in Halifax, which advances three-fourths of the capital required. Mr. Crossley's scheme at West Hill Park has been organized on a similar plan, the object in both cases being to encourage artisans to obtain freehold dwellings for themselves by building their houses for them at once, and then distributing the weekly payments over twelve or fifteen years, according as the buyer does or not advance a portion of the purchase-money at starting. It is only occasionally that single capitalists are to be found either able or willing to undertake designs of this magnitude, and in the cases we have mentioned one object in view has been to provide accommodation for the manufacturer's own men. Here, however, is an instance of what "a few persons may accomplish without actual risk or outlay, but simply with a little business knowledge, and the help of a good building society":—

Acting upon the example set by Mr. Akroyd, nine gentlemen constituted themselves "A Society for the Erection of Improved Dwellings." As opportunity has offered they have purchased small plots of land in different parts of Leeds, and erected houses thereon, at prices ranging from 150*l.* to 200*l.* per house, including land and all expenses. By building a lot together, the land, materials, legal charges, architect's commission, and other expenses, were reduced much below what they would have cost if erected by an individual. A working man is thus able to obtain a cottage at cost price. He is expected to provide one-fifth of the purchase-money, and the remaining four-fifths is advanced to him by the building society at 4½ per cent. The building society is repaid (both principal and interest) by a contribution equal in amount to what he would ordinarily have to pay in rent for a similar house, spread over a period of thirteen years and a half.

Those who undertake the responsibility of erecting such buildings may not find immediate purchasers of the houses, but they can secure themselves against loss by letting them at a rent that will more than cover the interest of the money expended, &c. The whole capital is borrowed, partly from a banker and partly from the public, at 4 per cent. on the joint security of the founders, until the buildings are finished, and the rest from the building society. Up to the present time the promoters have not advanced one shilling, nor lost one. The number of houses built is 87, and the total cost 15,400*l.*

Efforts of this kind, however, imply, to be successful, the active co-operation of employers, as well as considerable intelligence and thrift on the part of the workmen; and even if they were indefinitely multiplied, the majority of the artisan class would still be left unassisted. To effect any general improvement in the character of house accommodation we must look to two motive powers—philanthropy and commercial enterprise. There can be no question that, if the latter impulse should prove strong enough for the work, it is the best, as well as the safest, to have recourse to. Charity is never so ill employed as when wasting its energy upon undertakings which would be equally well done as matters of ordinary business; and in this case the magnitude of the work is such as to make it

eminently unsafe to trust it to any occasional or uncertain agency. "Unless experiments in this direction pay, they will not be repeated, and they must pay as much as any of the ordinary investments of capital, including compensation for the trouble and risks connected with undertakings of this description." Up to the present time very few of the model lodging-houses have fulfilled this condition, but there are one or two exceptions to this negative rule. The most conspicuous of these rare successes is "Langbourn Buildings," near Finsbury Square, the erection of which is due to the zeal and enterprise of Mr. Waterlow. At a cost of 9,000*l.*, with a ground-rent of 122*l.* a year, eighty families are accommodated in 225 rooms. The total rent amounts to 1,200*l.*, which gives a percentage on the capital invested of something over 8 per cent. The Improved Industrial Dwellings Company have profited by Mr. Waterlow's example, and erected four blocks of houses in the South, East, and North of London, providing room for 200 families, at an estimated profit of from 6½ to 9 per cent. In all these cases, however, the rents vary from 4*s.* to 7*s.* a week, which is more than the average working-man can afford to pay, and to meet the case of this class of persons something further is still wanted. If the rent is to be lower, the cost of building must be lowered in proportion; and as economy in the choice and use of materials does not seem to admit of being carried much further, the only resource is to obtain capital at a cheaper rate. This is the object of the Bill on the subject lately introduced by Mr. Childers. The Government proposes to lend money for the erection of dwellings for the poor at 4 per cent., which would allow of a higher dividend being paid on private capital subscribed for the same undertaking, without requiring a total average return from the rents of more than 5 per cent. Here, as it seems to us, there is a real field opened for the exercise of individual benevolence. People are not asked to give large sums of money to this great object. They are only asked to lend money at a lower rate of interest—5 per cent., say, instead of 8—than they would usually expect to get from this particular kind of investment. To become a shareholder in a joint-stock building company is not a romantic form of charity, but we believe that, if it were largely done, the actual good effected would be very much greater than in many more showy and more ambitious enterprises.

Still, this is only one-half of the subject. If all this were done, there would be much greater facilities than are at present to be found for giving the artisan a better home, but whether these facilities would be turned to good account must depend on other considerations. In the first place, we cannot simply sweep away what we have on the doubtful chance of something better being put in its place. For some years to come, house reform must aim at the amelioration of existing dwellings quite as much as at the erection of new ones, and the former result would often be achieved at far less cost than the latter, and be nearly as effective when achieved. Under these circumstances, the first persons to be looked to are the municipal authorities, and here we are met by two opposite difficulties. In the majority of instances the municipal body is not fit for its work, while, in the comparatively small number of cases to which this objection does not apply, the authorities are hampered by the want of sufficient legal powers. There are two points, therefore, to which public attention needs to be turned—the improvement of the machinery at our disposal, and the removal of obstructions to its free action when improved. The latter end can only be accomplished by a consolidation and amendment of our unwieldy code of sanitary law, and by the substitution upon certain essential points of compulsory for permissive legislation. Mr. Hole gives, in an appendix, some extracts from a letter addressed last autumn to the Home Secretary by the Town Clerk of Wolverhampton, which show very clearly the necessity of some change of this kind. With the powers at present vested in them, Local Boards of Health can only deal with buildings erected since the Act of 1858 was adopted in the districts they represent, so that the oldest and worst class of houses are thus preserved from all danger of interference. Even supposing, however, that this and the like defects were remedied, the more difficult task would remain of keeping the local authorities up to their work. For this purpose there is wanted a new Ministerial department, which shall stand in the same relation to Town Councils and Local Boards of Health as the Poor Law Board does to the Guardians of each mon. To this body should be attached a proper staff of inspectors, who would be empowered to hold inquiries into cases of alleged neglect on the part of any local authority, and to report on them to the Central Board, just as a Poor Law Inspector does now in the case of any abuse in a workhouse. If, in addition to this, the leading permissive clauses of the existing Sanitary Acts were made imperative, the authority of the Court of Queen's Bench might be invoked in the last resort, and the proceedings of a sluggish or interested municipality quickened by dread of a *mandamus*. There is still another reform without which even all those that have been suggested might often turn out useless, and with which many of them would be superfluous. The constitution of Vestries, Town Councils, Boards of Health, and Boards of Guardians is alike defective, and the only possible cure for this evil is that a better class of persons should come forward as candidates at the municipal elections. It is not, we freely confess, a pleasant ordeal to undergo, but at the present moment it is the test by which, more than any other we are acquainted with, a man's practical benevolence is to be gauged. The truest sphere of modern charity is the Parish Board Room.

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MONDAY POPULAR CONCERTS, St. James's Hall.

THE NEXT CONCERT takes place on Monday Evening, April 23, for the BENEFIT of Mr. CHAS. HALL. Violin, Herr Straus; Violoncello, Signor Flatti; Piano, Mr. Chas. Hall. Conductor, Mr. Benedict. Seats at 1s. Admission, 1s. Tickets at Chappell & Co.'s, 30 New Bond Street; Austria, 2s. Picedilly; and at Keith, Frowse, & Co.'s, 48 Chapside.

MR. and MRS. GERMAN REED, with Mr. JOHN PARRY, will appear on Monday next in a Novel Entertainment entitled A YACHTING CRUISE, by F. C. Burnand, Esq.; with THE WEDDING BREAKFAST AT MRS. ROSE-LEAF, by Mr. John Parry. Every Evening (except Saturday) at Eight; Thursday and Saturday Morning at Three.—ROYAL GALLERY of ILLUSTRATION, 14 Regent Street.

MR. CHARLES DICKENS will Read DOCTOR MARIGOLD (first time in London), and Mr. BOB SAWYER'S PARTY, from "Pickwick," on Tuesday Evening, April 10, at the ST. JAMES'S HALL. The Reading will commence at Eight o'clock precisely, and be comprised within Two Hours. Sofa Stalls, 5s.; Balcony, 3s.; Area, 2s.; Admission, 1s.—Tickets may be obtained of Messrs. Chappell, 30 New Bond Street; and at Austin's Ticket Office, St. James's Hall, 25 Piccadilly.

MR. ARTHUR SCOTCHLEY'S NEW ENTERTAINMENT, "MRS. BROWN AT HOME AND ABROAD," at the EGYPTIAN HALL, Piccadilly, Every Evening, at Eight (except Saturday). Saturday Afternoon at Three. Tickets at the Box Office daily from Eleven to Five; Mr. Mitchell's Royal Library; and all Musicellers.

STODARE.—On EASTER MONDAY, with new Wonders, the Three Hundred and Eighty-First Repetition of STODARE'S celebrated MARVELS of MAGIC and VENTRILOQUISM, as performed by him at Windsor Castle before H.M. the Queen, November 21, 1853, and twice before H.M. the Prince of Wales, June 6, 1855, and March 10, 1856. Every Evening at Eight; Wednesday and Saturday Afternoon at Three. Stalls may be secured in advance at Box-office, Egyptian Hall, open daily from Ten till Six; and at Mitchell's, Old Bond Street, 1s. and 2s. Stalls, 3s. "Almost miraculous."—Vide Times.

BROTHERS DAVENPORT and Mr. FAY, having returned from a successful Tour in Ireland and Scotland, will give, previous to their departure for Russia, a SERIES of their Wonderful SEANCES, at the Queen's Concert Rooms, Hanover Square, commencing Monday Evening, April 2. An introductory Address will be delivered by Roman's Course, Esq., at Eight.—Admission, 1s. and 2s. Stalls, 3s.; Back Seats, 2s.; Dark Stance, 1s. Application for Tickets and Private Seances to be made at the Rooms.

GENERAL EXHIBITION of WATER-COLOUR

DRAWINGS, Dudley Gallery, Egyptian Hall, Piccadilly. The Exhibition is open Daily, from Ten till Six. On dark days, and at dusk, the Gallery is lighted by Gas.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogues, 6d.

WALTER SEVERN, Hon. Secs.
GEORGE L. HALL, J.

INTERNATIONAL SOCIETY of FINE ARTS, Limited.

The FIRST ANNUAL EXHIBITION of this Society is now OPEN to the Public, at the Gallery, 48 Pall Mall, from Ten o'clock till dusk.—Admission, 1s.; Catalogue, 6d.

ARUNDEL SOCIETY for PROMOTING the KNOWLEDGE of ART.

Entrance Donation, 21 1s.; Annual Subscription, 21 1s. All persons who now become Subscribers will receive a set of Annual Publications in 1867. For further particulars apply, personally or by letter, to the Secretary.

Office of the Arundel Society, 21 Old Bond Street, W. F. W. MAYNARD, Secretary.

FRA BARTOLOMEO.—Lately published by the Arundel

Society, a Chromo-Lithograph from the Fresco of the "ANNUNCIATION." To Members, 12s.; to Strangers, 15s. 21 Old Bond Street, W.

F. W. MAYNARD, Secretary.

HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS the PRINCE of WALES

having graciously signified his intention of being present at the ANNIVERSARY FESTIVAL of the FRIEND of the CLERGY CORPORATION, and having been pleased to appoint Wednesday, the 13th of June next, for its Celebration, the Committee beg to announce that the Dinner will take place on the above day at Willis's Rooms, St. James's.

The Most Noble the Marquis of Salisbury, K.G., President of the Corporation, in the Chair. Noblemen and Gentlemen willing to act as Stewards on the occasion are respectfully solicited to forward their Names to the SECRETARY, at the Offices of the Corporation, 4 St. Martin's Place, W.C. Stewards' Fee, 410 10s., conferring a Life Governorship; or 25 5s., entitling the Donor to Ten Votes at each of the Two following Elections of Pensioners.

H. BRAMALL, Secretary.

THE FRIEND of the CLERGY CORPORATION.

PATRON.—His Royal Highness the PRINCE of WALES.

The object of this Corporation is twofold: First, to provide Pensions of £20 to £40 per annum for the Widows and Orphan Unmarried Daughters of Clergymen of the Established Church. Secondly, to afford Temporary Assistance to necessitous Clergymen and their Families.

Since the foundation of the Charity in 1819, 145 Ladies have been admitted Pensioners, and they have received a total of £34,441 5s.

The sum of £8,500 has been distributed in grants to distressed Clergymen and their Families. The next ELECTION of PENSIONERS will take place at Willis's Rooms, on Tuesday, the 29th of May next.

H. BRAMALL, Secretary.

Offices of the Corporation, 4 St. Martin's Place, London, W.C.

ROYAL LITERARY FUND.—The Seventy-Seventh

ANNIVERSARY DINNER will take place at Willis's Rooms, King Street, St. James's, on Wednesday, the 2nd of May; the Right Hon. Lord ROBERTS in the Chair.

The Stewards will be announced in future Advertisements.

4 Adelphi Terrace, W.C. OCTAVIAN BLEWITT, Sec.

BRITISH ASSOCIATION for the ADVANCEMENT of SCIENCE.

The next ANNUAL MEETING of the Association will be held at Nottingham, on Wednesday, August 22, and the following days, under the Presidency of W. R. GIBBS, Esq., Q.C., F.R.S., &c. &c.

Notices of Papers proposed to be read should be sent to the Assistant General Secretary before August 1.

Information concerning the Local arrangements may be obtained from the Local Secretaries at Nottingham (Dr. ROBERTSON, E. J. Lowe, Esq., F.R.S., Rev. J. F. McCallum).

General Secretary—FRANCIS GALTON, Esq., F.R.S., 42 Rutland Gate, London.

Assistant General Secretary—GEORGE GRIFFITH, Esq., 5 Park Villas, Oxford.

General Treasurer—W. SPOTTISWOODE, Esq., F.R.S., 50 Grosvenor Place, London.

MALVERN COLLEGE.

President and Visitor—THE LORD BISHOP of WORCESTER.

Head-Master.

The Rev. ARTHUR FAHER, M.A., late Fellow and Tutor of New College, Oxford.

Assistant-Masters.

Rev. C. McDOWALL, M.A., University College, Oxford.

Rev. F. R. DREW, M.A., Sid. Sus. College, Cambridge.

Rev. W. H. MADDOCK, M.A., St. John's College, Oxford.

Rev. E. RUDD, M.A., St. John's College, Cambridge.

&c. &c. &c.

This College is founded on the Model of the Great Public Schools.

The Sons of Gentlemen are Educated at a moderate Cost, and the Pupils are Prepared for Oxford or Cambridge, and for all Military and Civil Service Examinations.

There are Scholarships of considerable value attached to the College, to be held either in the College or at the Universities.

The Pupils, if not resident in Malvern, are Boarded with the Assistant Masters, subject to the approval of the Head Master.

Terms for Tuition, £5 per Annum; for Board at Masters' Houses, £20.

Full information on application to HENRY ALLEN, Esq., the Secretary.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE, London, 67 and 68 Harley Street, W.

Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1833, for the General Education of Ladies, and for granting Certificates of Knowledge.

Patrons.

HER MAJESTY the QUEEN.
H.R.H. the PRINCESS of WALES.

Visitor—The LORD BISHOP of LONDON.

Principal—The Very Rev. the DEAN of WESTMINSTER.

Lady Resident—Miss PARRY.

The College will Reopen for the Easter Term on Thursday, April 12. Individual Instruction is given in Vocal and Instrumental Music to Pupils attending at least one Class. Special Conversation Classes in Modern Languages will be formed on the entry of Six Names. Arrangements are made for receiving Boarders.

Prospectuses, with full particulars as to Fees, Scholarships, Classes, &c., may be had on application to Mrs. WILLIAMS, at the College Office.

E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A., Dean.

QUEEN'S COLLEGE SCHOOL, 67 and 68 Harley Street, W.

Lady Superintendent—Miss HAY.

Assistant—Miss WALKER.

The CLASSES of the School will Reopen on Thursday, April 12.

Pupils are received from the age of Five upwards.

Prospectuses, with full particulars, may be had on application to Mrs. WILLIAMS, at the College Office.

E. H. PLUMPTRE, M.A., Dean.

THE LONDON COLLEGE of the INTERNATIONAL EDUCATION SOCIETY, Limited.

Head-Master—Dr. L. SCHMITZ, Ph.D., LL.D., F.R.S.E.

Late Rector of the High School of Edinburgh.

The College will be OPENED for the Reception of Pupils on the 1st day of May, 1866, at SPRING GROVE, Middlesex, W., near the Spring Grove Station on the South-Western Railway, Eight Miles by road from Hyde Park Corner, Two from Kew or Richmond.

In addition to a Classical Education of the highest order, the greatest attention will be devoted to the Study of Modern Languages, Natural and Moral Science, and to Mathematics.

For Prospectuses, and any further information, apply to Dr. L. Schmitz, at the College, Spring Grove, Middlesex, W.; or to Mr. E. BARBIEUX, Secretary, at the Society's Office, 21 Old Bond Street, W.

ST. ANDREW'S COLLEGE, Bradfield, Reading.—Bradfield

is Three Miles from Theale, Four Miles from Pangbourne Stations of the Great Western Railway, and Eight Miles from Reading, its Port-town. As there are six other places of the same Name, and Nine Villages called "Bradley," many mistakes, involving much inconvenience, have arisen lately from misapprehension as to the identity and neighbourhood of this School.—All Letters, &c., for St. Andrew's College, Bradfield, should be directed to BRADFIELD, READING.

BRIXTON HILL COLLEGE, Surrey, S.—For a PRO-

SPECTUS, with Reports of Examinations, Forms of Admission, and full particulars, apply to Dr. Wilson, at the College.—A Separate Department for JUNIOR PUPILS under Ten Years of Age.

KENSINGTON COLLEGIATE SCHOOL, 39 Kensington

Square, W. Head-Master—F. NASH, Esq., late Principal of Farnham, Netherbury Hills, assisted by E. Thelwall, Esq., M.A., Trin. Coll., Cambridge; Professor Hughes, F.R.G.S., King's Coll., London; H. Hutchinson, Esq., Univ. of London; M. Alphons, Herr Schilling, Herr Prahl, and others. Tuition Fee, 12, 9, or 6 Guineas per annum. Board and Tuition, 48s or 42s.

SUTTON VALENCE GRAMMAR SCHOOL, near Staplehurst,

Kent.

Head-Master—Rev. J. D. KINGDON, M.A., of Trinity College, Cambridge.

This School has been entirely rebuilt and greatly enlarged by the Governors, the Cloth-workers' Company, who have also attached to it—Four Exhibitions of £40 per annum, tenable for Four Years at Oxford or Cambridge (one vacant every year). Four Scholarships of £25 per annum, tenable for Two Years, not at an University (two vacant every year). There is also an Exhibition of £30 per annum, tenable for Four Years at St. John's College, Cambridge.

These Exhibitions and Scholarships are open to the whole School, and awarded by Examination. Advantages for a limited number of Clergymen's Sons.—For further particulars apply to the HEAD-MASTER, at the School. The next Term will commence on April 2.

THE UPPER and MIDDLE SCHOOLS, Peckham, London,

S.E. (Private).

Conducted by JOHN YEATS, LL.D., &c.

The next Quarter will begin on April 25th, 1866.

Pupils enter the UPPER SCHOOL on attaining their Fourteenth Year, or on proving themselves able to do the work of the Higher Classes. The Terms in both Schools are moderate, and inclusive of Books, Stationery, and other Charges, which often make the real very different from the apparent cost of Education.

Every Boy is, as far as possible, well grounded in English, made to write a hand fit for Business, and trained to be quick at Accounts. French and German are taught by Native Masters, and spoken by the Principal. Eminent Special Teachers attend for Science and particular purposes. There are Periodical Examinations, when suitable Rewards are offered. Holidays are short, and the Four Divisions of the School-Year are equal. The Premises are large, the Playground spacious, and the general accommodation superior.

As a rule, Pupils are not received or retained after the Completion of their Sixteenth Year.

A Prospectus and Report of Examiners on every Pupil in the Schools may be had on application.

CIVIL SERVICE HALL, for the Preparation of CANDI-

DATES for the India Civil Service, Ceylon, Army, &c. Examinations.—For Prospectus, containing Lists of Successful Candidates, References, &c., apply to A. D. SPRANGE, M.A., Civil Service Hall, 15 Princes Square, Baywater, W.

INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE, WOOLWICH, SANDHURST,

and the LINE.—CLASSES are preparing for the above Examinations, under the Superintendence of experienced and competent Tutors.—For further particulars, apply by letter to W. F. B., 16 Bedford Street, Covent Garden, W.C.

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INDIAN CIVIL SERVICE, WOOLWICH, SANDHURST,

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LOCAL EXAMINATIONS of the UNIVERSITY of

OXFORD.—LONDON CENTRE.—The FORMS which it is necessary for all Candidates to fill up, and return on or before April 11, may now be had by applying to 31 Finsbury Square, E.C.

EDWARD E. PINCHES, B.A., Hon. Sec.

THE Rev. JOHN HENN, B.A., F.R.G.S., &c., has a few

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